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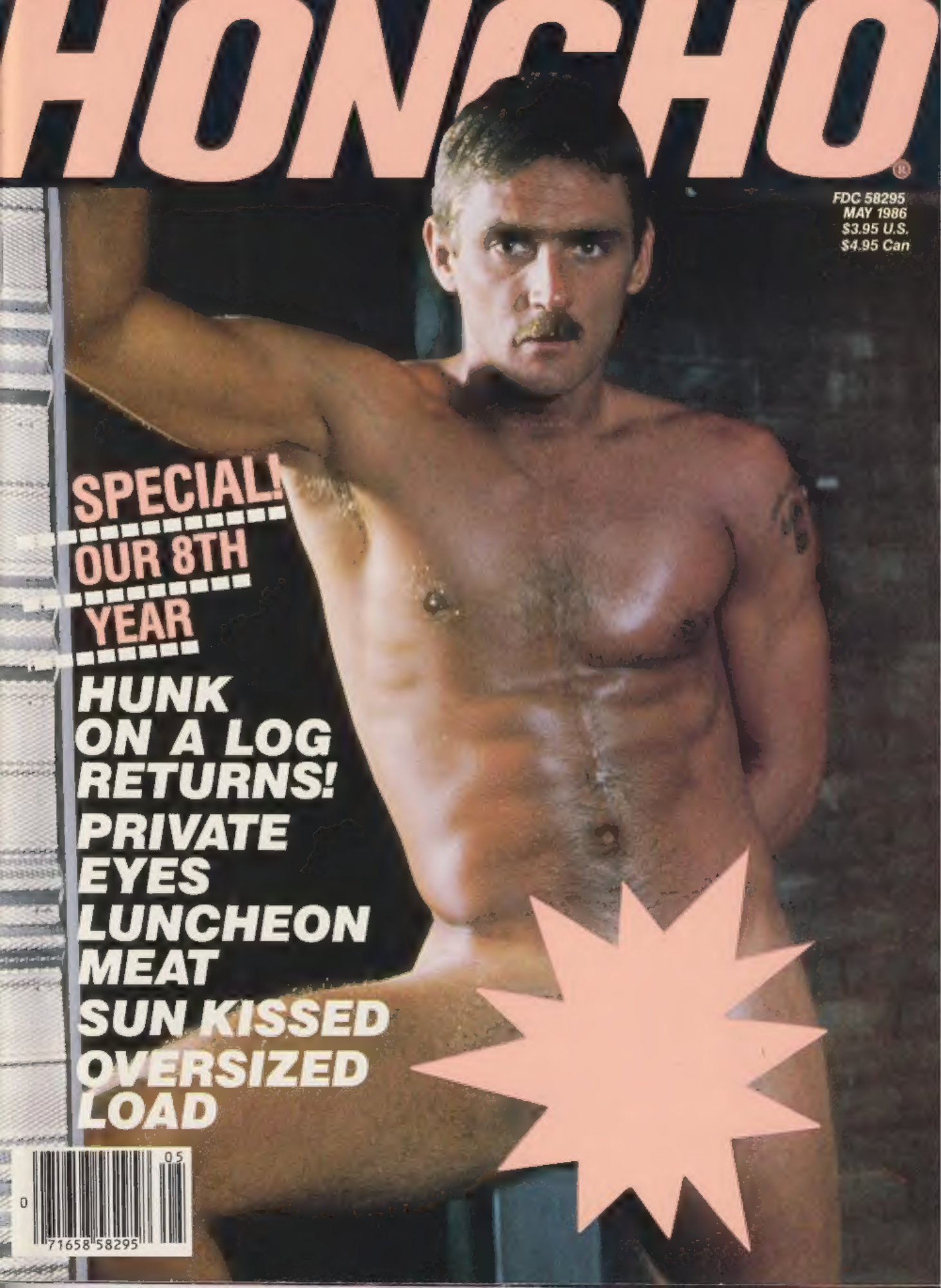

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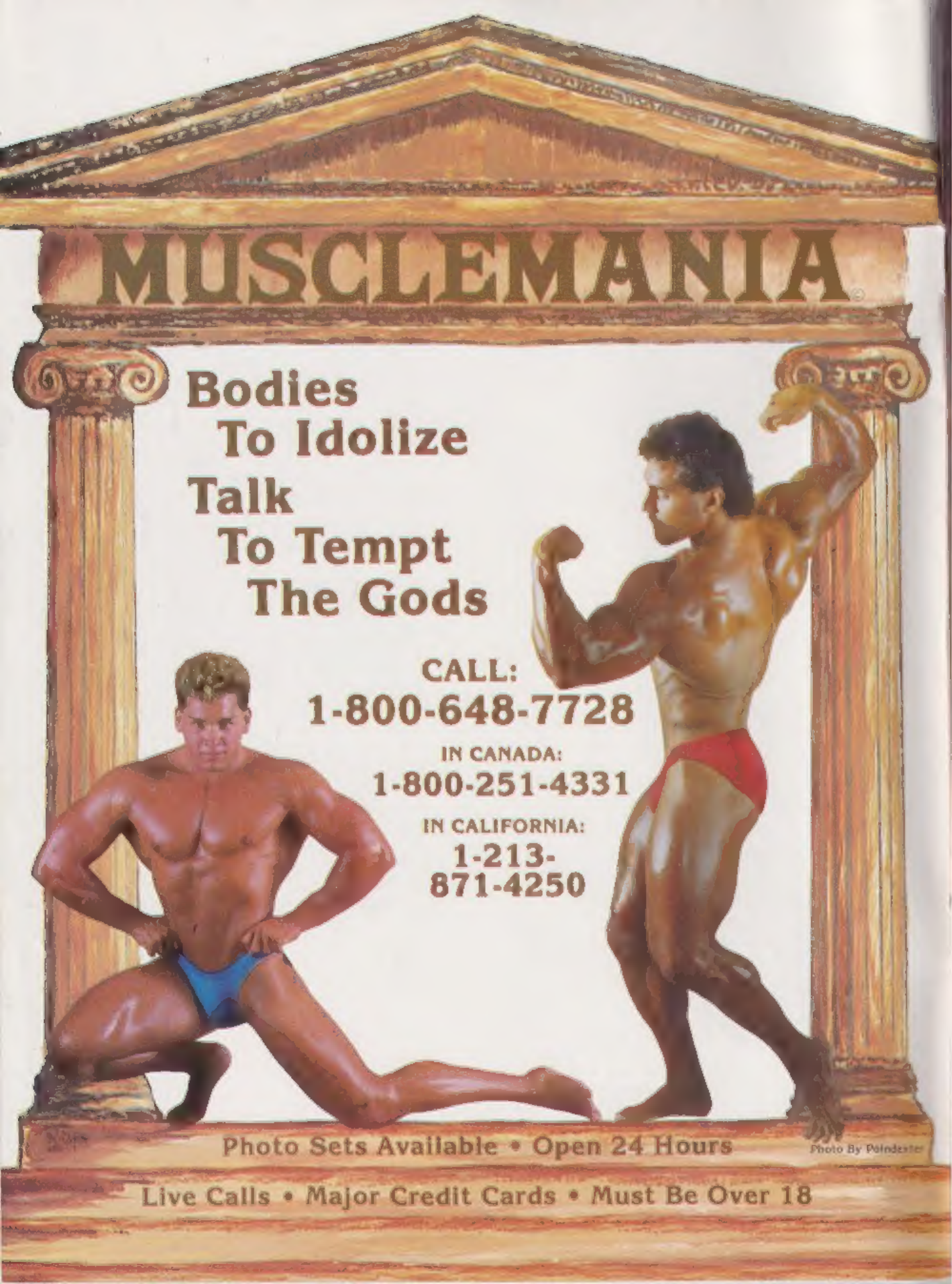
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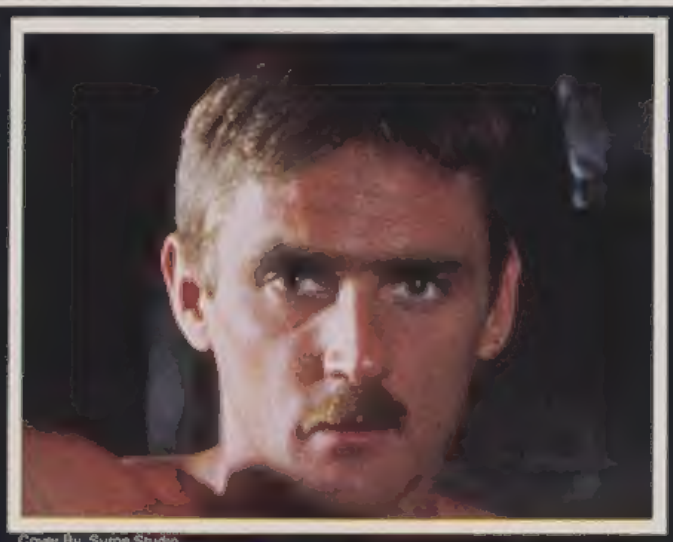

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BONDAGE NIGHT AT THE ROPE 'N' RIDE

By Josh Lloyd • Art by Weston Lansdale

"Saddle up, guys! It's Bondage Night at the Rope 'n' Ride!"

The Rope 'n' Ride got its name from the moth-eaten cow head over the bar. Its stubby horns were cracked, and one of its glass eyes had been gouged out long ago. Regulars called it Gussie.

Until about a year ago, Gussie had presided over an exclusively Western bar—no bikers, no heavy-leather S&M, no punks or rough trade. Just a bunch of friendly old acquaintances who liked to dress up and play wranglers together, plus the new faces of whatever lonesome cowboys might wander in for the first time, usually on weekends.

Nobody was a stranger for long, and the regulars, whose numbers held steady, kept the place in the black, if not quite in the chips. The bathroom was fairly active as a back room, but at least it was "a clean, well-lighted place," and the faces and the asses and the cocks were familiar to each other.

In effect the Rope 'n' Ride was just your basic, easy-going neighborhood gay bar—in Western drag. That was before the plague. And that was before Neal

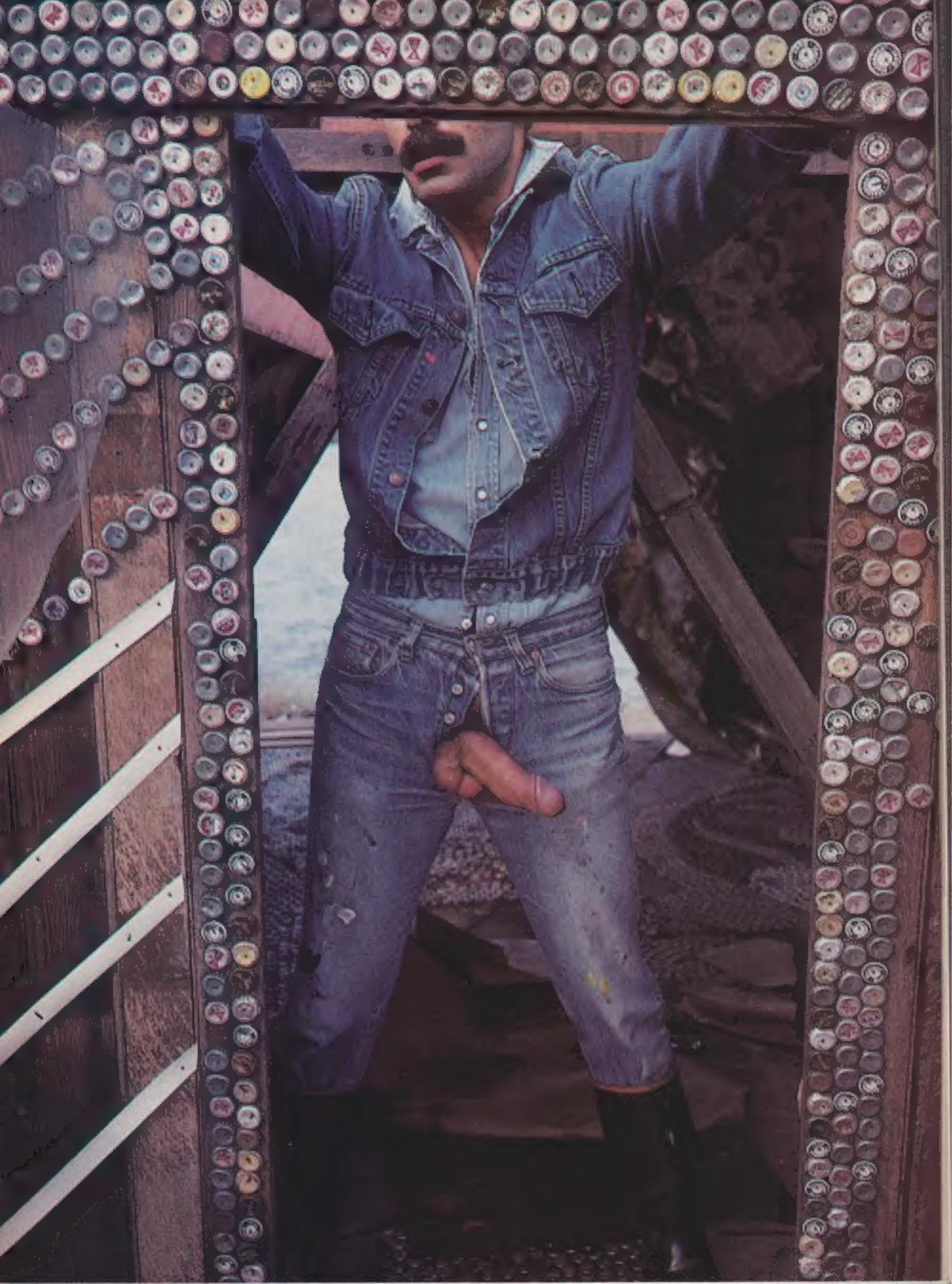
Continued to page 21

COMING OUT PARTY

By Rick • Photos by Cityboy

I saw him for the first time when I turned the corner. The company's new security guard. When I heard that a guy was gonna be hired a few weeks back, I became hot to see what he was gonna look like.

Our eyes met. We watched each other as I walked closer. He was good-looking



The new security guard at our plant was hot. From the moment our eyes met, there was something between us. Something intense but unspoken. From the way he avoided my eyes after that first meeting, I could tell he was afraid. Afraid of me, afraid of intimacy. Afraid of mansex.

[illegible] He became gorgeous as I got closer. He watched every step I took with sharp interest. I reached him: He was handsome and sensual. The way only short, black-haired, dark-eyed, moustached guys can be.

I showed him my ID and said, "Hi." My pulse was beating fast. I wanted to show him my stiff meat and see his.

"Thank you, Paul. Have a nice day."

Any interest in me was gone! He was matter-of-fact. I couldn't believe it. We were stripping each other with our eyes, and suddenly he was Dead-Dick.

"Have a nice day too," I said, [illegible] pick up the tone-of-interest in my voice.

No luck! His thank you was matter-of-fact. He cut off anything further by turning his back to me.

Fuck you, I said to myself as I walked to my drill press. I tried to get him out of my mind all morning, but couldn't.

The lunch whistle blasted. I decided to casually walk out for some air, stretch my legs, and start a conversation with him. He wasn't there. Old Tom was, which meant he had an earlier shift. I had to wait until morning to see him.

I tried to figure what turned him off: He wasn't into 6-feet-plus, muscular guys. He thought I'd always be the top man, fuck-[illegible] out of him. He was embarrassed because he thought I had a huge cock, and he was Princess Tiny Meat.

I am 6 feet 2, muscular, with a large, hairy chest. But I'm versatile; I don't play top man every time. And though I've gotten compliments about my meat—thick and juicy, beautiful shape, beautiful foreskin, a pile-driver—I'm not horse-hung.

I tried to forget him. But fuck it, I couldn't. That night his image kept bringing my cock up. He was my hot fantasy as I whacked my rock-hard meat. I imagined he was pulling my foreskin over my swollen knob. Again, again, and again. I shot my biggest load ever.

He was there when I turned the corner the next morning. I had decided to play it as it laid. Our eyes met. We watched each other with sharp interest as I walked toward him. Even another jerk-off the night before hadn't killed my desire for him.

I saw his name tag. "Morning, Kyle." I showed him my ID.

"Thank you."

He was a Dead-Dick again. I decided not to make small talk. He turned his back toward me.

Fuckin' cock-teaser, I said to myself as I walked to my drill press. Suddenly I wanted to rip off his uniform and fuck his ass till he was screaming. Ram my rod up his shit-hole without mercy. Then I realized why he acted that way. He was still in the damn closet! Wanting it but scared of getting it. And that meant he was trouble.

I had my excuse to forget him, added to the fact he was about ten years younger than me. We also had different backgrounds; he was Iranian and I was born in Israel. It just wouldn't work out.

All that work day I did forget him. But he was back in my hot whack-off fantasy that night. And the next, the next, and the next.

The sexual tension between us every morning was building. I hoped he'd break his matter-of-fact stance, but it was becoming obvious he'd only flirt with the idea of sex with me, and then retreat.

I had to get him out of the closet. I wanted to make it with him so fuckin' bad. Feel his warm body against mine. Rub his chest hair that teasingly popped out of his open shirt and promised more. And love the bastard. He'd be a fucked-up mess unless someone helped him out. I couldn't stand that idea. There was too much between us to let it die.

I called and canceled the [illegible] planned on going to that night, Saturday. Mark was crestfallen. He begged me to reconsider.

"You'll disappoint me and the men I wanted you to meet."

"What's this shit I'm hearing?" I shouted at him. "I hear you're telling everybody I'm a fag!" His denial only made me more certain: Deep down inside, he wanted me as much as I wanted him. I would have him, too, I swore. Kicking and screaming, cursing and slugging, I'd drag this hot guard out of the closet with my bare hands

"I have something special to do."

"Well, I hope he's worth it."

"He is. See you next time." I hung up. I then put a message on my answering machine, saying that I was called out-of-town unexpectedly. That killed repeat calls and interruptions, so I could think about Kyle's coming out party.

I set my plan into action that Sunday night. I called my boss at home and told him I wanted some overtime Monday. We made auto parts and there was always work.

"I'll put it [illegible] Bernstein."

"Sure, Paul. Anytime."

Then I drove my car to the [illegible] parking lot and walked home.

Monday morning I turned the corner. He was there. We went through our usual routine. Eye contact, watching each other as I walked down the block, my cock wanting to know his, his matter-of-fact air as he checked my ID.

"Morning, Kyle. Have a nice weekend?"

"Fine."

I could see the wanting in his beautiful eyes. And fear. I wanted to share that pain with him. Take it away. He returned to his guard duty with his back toward me.

I put my lunch in my locker and began the day at the drill, wondering: Would Kyle and I be making love in 16 hours, or would he hate me for dragging him out of the closet by his balls?!

After lunch I went outside for some air. Old Tom was half asleep in the sun, sitting in his rickety chair.

"Hey, Paul," he suddenly said. "You hear what that half-breed Kyle is saying 'bout you?"

"No."

"Says you're a faggot. Honest to God, that's what he told me. Says you've been coming on to him every morning. Shit! You're about as queer as I am. And I had seven kids, three wives, and a few woman on the side. Fuckin' greaseball!" He spit out his tobacco juice and went back to his dozing.

The small doubts I had about what I planned quickly vanished. Kyle would continue to say I was gay and that I was making a play for him. Co-workers would begin to shun me. Then one day Mr. Bernstein would call me into his office. Because of personality differences, bad morale on the job, etc. . . He'd be very apologetic. "Nothing against your kind. And I don't believe one word of it, Paul, but—" I'd get canned. And I'd lose the opportunity to see Kyle again. And that probably was his plan. With me out of the way, I wouldn't be around to rattle his closet door.

At 6 pm I went to a nearby diner to eat. By seven, I was on my second shift. By midnight I was ready.

I walked to the entrance. Kyle was there. "Surprised to see me?" I said. "I worked two shifts just so I could see you *alone* tonight."

"Oh." His voice was weak.

"What's this shit old Tom tells me? You're telling everyone I'm a fag?"

"I—I—I really didn't—"

I cut him off. "I'm gonna punch the guts out of you." I took a threatening step closer. He was shit-scared. "Then I'm gonna shove a metal pipe up your shit hole, and you're gonna wish it was my fuckin' hot dick."

"Don't touch me, you fuckin' bastard," he screamed.

"Who's to stop me? It's just you and me."

"I know there's another worker inside [illegible]—"

"Joe? He's deaf. He wasn't too smart when he began working here 30 years ago, and he hasn't improved with age." I took another threatening step closer.

"Thinking of running, Kyle?" I sparked the idea in his head. "Go ahead. We're in an industrial park. Deserted. You may stir up some goofed-up wimps. You can run, but I'll find you."

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He ran. I heard the parking lot gate slam shut. I knew he'd try to escape out the entrance at the other end, but it was locked till morning. It was going as I planned.

I slammed the gate behind me and locked it. "You're trapped, Kyle," I yelled. "I got the only key to get us out. Don't make me look for you. I'll really get mad, and the madder I get, the harder I'll beat the shit out of you."

I walked in and out of the shadows, between the cars. I softened my attack. "There is an easy way out, Kyle. The key is in my jock. All you have to do is undo my pants, pull down my jock, and it's yours. The key and my cock. Admit it, Kyle. Make it easier. You're gay. Just like me. My dick is warm and waiting for you. Come and feel it, and watch it grow hard. Let me feel yours grow."

The locked gate rattled. I turned and saw him for a second before he ran back into the darkness. He was resisting more than I figured.

My attack became hard again. My play was to be hard, then a little soft, then hard again. Alternating. Hoping he'd realize the soft spots said, "I don't want to hurt you. I love you, damn it!" I was gonna do it till one of us cracked.

"I told you it was locked. I'm getting really mad, shit-head. You're calling me a liar now."

"Leave me alone!" he screamed.

He was between the garbage bins. I walked over. "I know you're in there. Come out or I'm coming in, mad as hell."

"Get away from me, you fuckin' queer bastard!"

I pushed the bins aside. "Don't make me hurt you Kyle. Let all the pain out now. I'll hold you. For as long as it takes."

"Noooo," he sobbed. "I'm not gay. God, oh God! I don't want to be gay."

"But you are, Kyle. Don't torture yourself. Cry. Cry all the pain out."

I slowly moved toward him. His left hand swung up with a long piece of glass.

"Go ahead and try it, shit-hole bastard!"

He did!

My right knee caught him in the gut, brought him up and pinned him against the wall. My left hand grabbed his left arm and slammed it down on my pinning leg. He dropped the glass. I spread his arms out and held him against the wall.

Then I kissed him. A long, hard kiss.

I pulled away. He spat in my face!

I pinned him by his neck and ripped his shirt open. "My, what a beautiful, hairy chest." I licked his hairy pecs.

I opened his belt and yanked his pants down. "I'm gonna play with your meat, boy!" I ripped off his shorts.

"Please, Paul!" he screamed. "NO!"

His sobs came in torrents. All resistance left his body. I released him. He reached out and put his arms around me.

I wrapped my arms around him. "Cry, baby, cry."

He did. Sobs of pain. Sobs of silence that were more painful. Sobs that shook his body.

After a long time the sobs came less frequently, then stopped. I let him open my jacket, shirt, and slip his hand in, resting his head against my bare chest.

"Hummm. You smell beautiful, Paul."

"You feel beautiful, Kyle. A beautiful male." I wanted to hold him forever.

We stayed that way for a long, long time.

It was turning cool. "Kyle, let's go to my place. Can't stay here all night."

"Yes." He shivered. He pulled his pants up and notched the belt. I removed my jacket and put it on him.

"You know why I did all this?"

"Yes."

"You're not really mad at me?"

"No." He smiled. The fear in his eyes was gone. He buried his face in my pecs, licking one. My cock began to stir. I held him tight against me.

"My car is over there."

"Okay."

Kyle sat beside me. I turned the motor and the heater on, and drove to the gate and stopped.

"Want me to get the key from your jock?"

"I lied. No key."

"But the gate's locked."

"Yep." I reached under the dash, took out a remote, and pressed the button. The gate slid open. "I activated it when I was searching for you."

"You fuckin' prick-head!" he said with a beautiful smile.

I kissed him. My upper lip pressed against his thick black moustache. I reached down into his open fly and squeezed his meat.

"Shit! You've got a growing dong between your legs. It didn't look like it."

"Yeah. It surprises ya." He felt my bulge.

My cock began to grow. "Oh, Jesus!" I drove out the gate.

He opened my fly and took it out, holding it until it grew solid. He pulled the foreskin over the head and back down my curved dickshaft. Again and again.

He whipped out his throbbing brown cock. It stood out about 9 inches. Straight. I squeezed it hard. He moaned. I stroked it gently, feeling the veins. "Ohhhh, Paul."

At a stoplight we kissed again, holding each other's hot rod.

I drove on. The half-mile to my apartment seemed so far away. ■

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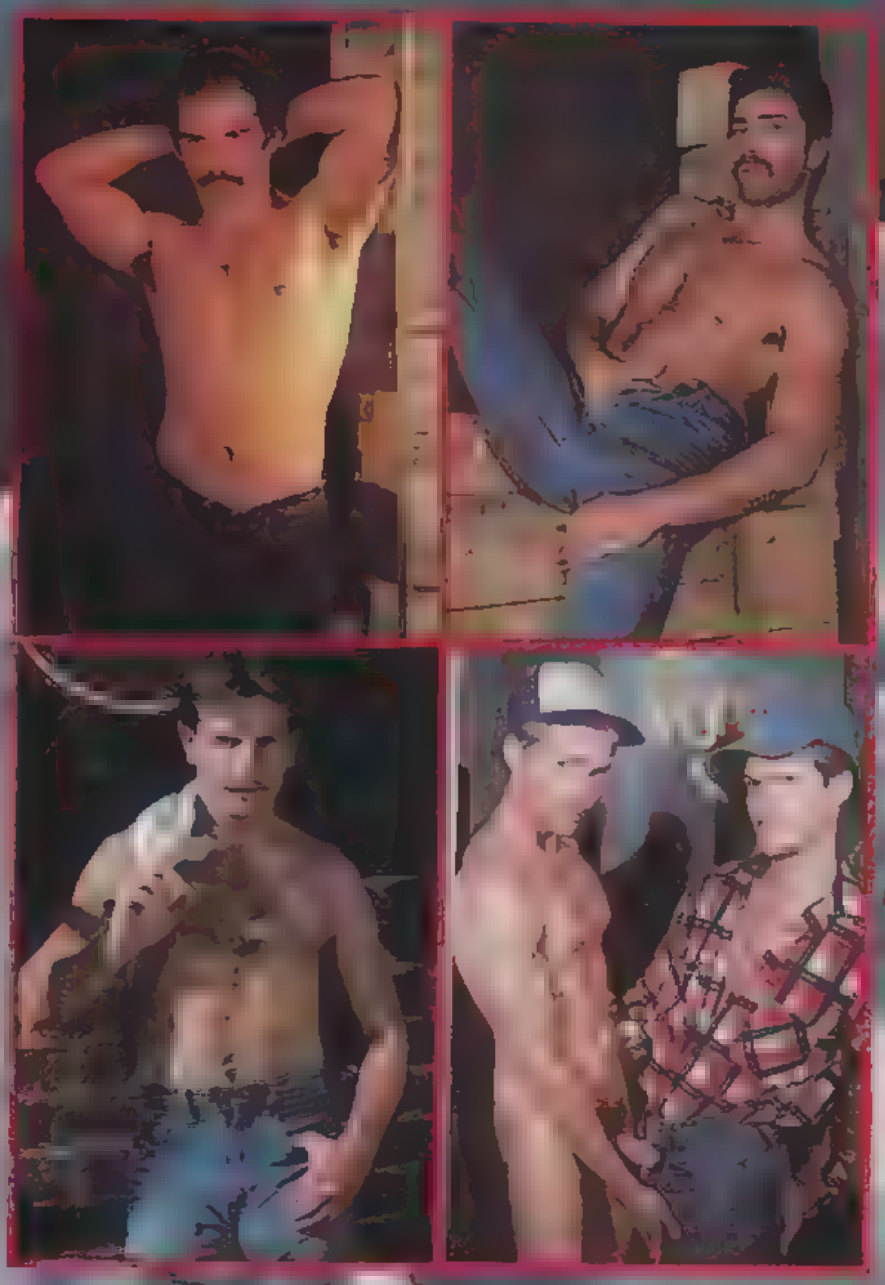

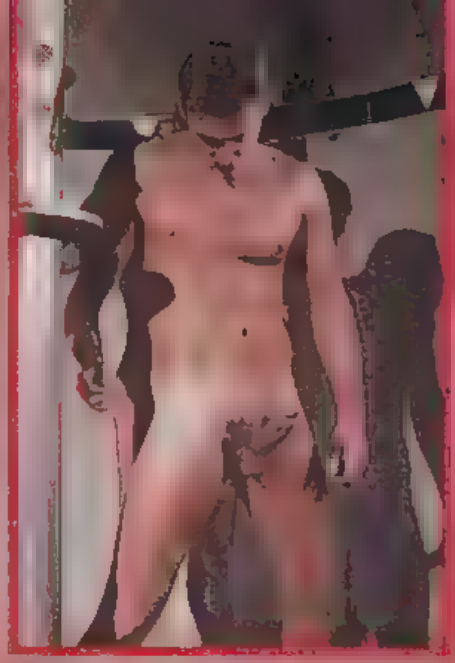

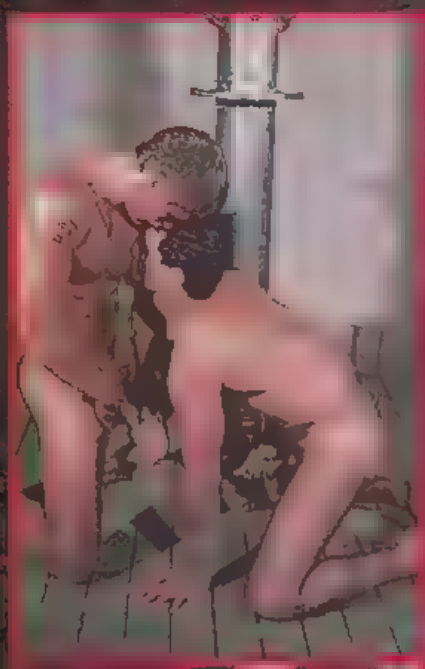

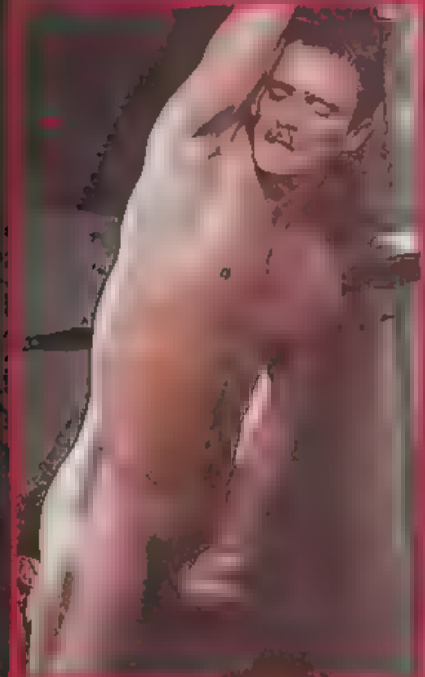

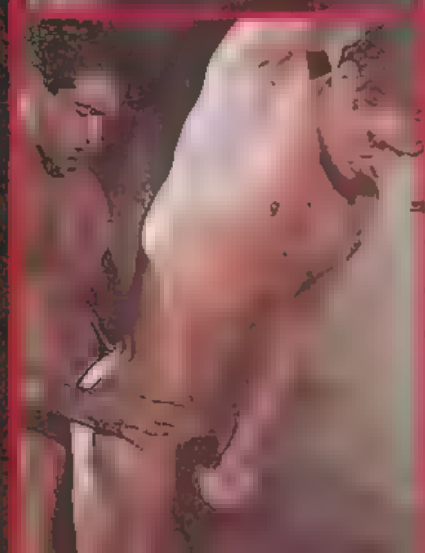

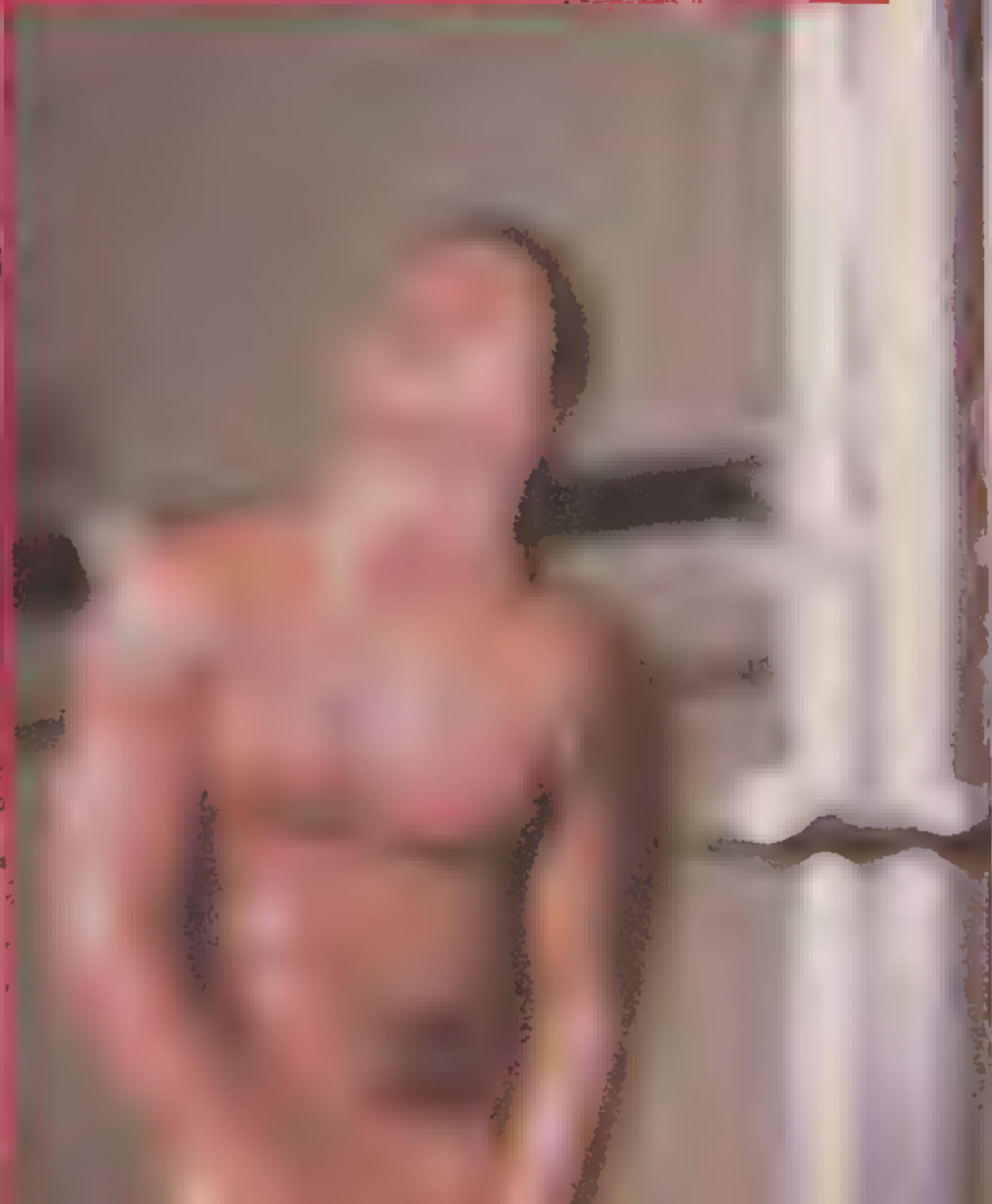

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BONDAGE NIGHT

Continued from page 5

All over the city, bar business in general had fallen off. Several had closed. Of the survivors, most had more of a margin than the Rope 'n' Ride, which was beginning to teeter on the brink of unprofitability. Then the owners got an idea, from Neal.

Neal Landres was a seasoned barback with a loyal following among the raw sex crowd. But the notorious S&M club where he had held court for years had recently shuttered, "voluntarily," and he had come to the Rope 'n' Ride looking for work and offering advice. "These days a lot of people are tightening their belts, so to speak. But there's plenty of hot guys like myself who've thought things over and decided to take our chances and keep living the way we've been living. There may not be enough of us to keep ten bars thriving, but if one place let it be known that all scenes are welcome..."

Neal was hired and his advice was followed. He led each promotion with such enthusiasm and so much success that the owners kept him on even after he'd proven himself shockingly irresponsible as a barback. They couldn't fire Neal. He was too popular. The customers would not.

Jeff hated special promotions. He felt they attracted rough trade and encouraged the regulars to act crazy. He was right, of course; that was the idea. He understood that. And he hated it. Often he stood behind the bar with a fierce scowl that kept his lean face from being handsome. Frown lines around his eyes and mouth made him look older than his 31 years.

On Bondage Night, Jeff was frantically washing glasses. They drained themselves faster than he could fill them and shove them across the bartop. A scant two hours after opening, the bar was buried under a mountain of sticky glassware. Two biker studs and a cowboy glared at Jeff, loudly demanding a vodka and tonic, a scotch and water, and a screwdriver.

"Doesn't anyone drink beer anymore?" Jeff sloshed a handful of glasses through the suds. "You know, beer that you drink right out of the bottle?"

"Drinks are two for one if you came in harness, and this is a harness," the blond cowboy explained. He was shirtless, with an intricate arrangement of rope knotted around his hairy torso. "We want our money's worth. Don't blame us if you're understaffed. Where's your barback?"

"Neal's probably tied up somewhere."

"Naturally. It's Bondage Night," said the cute biker. He and his ugly companion giggled.

"It's not fair," Jeff grumbled. He set a glass in front of the cute biker and wondered if the bastard would notice that it contained Scotch and *soapy* water. It was just like Neal to take off on the busiest night of the month, sticking Jeff with all the shitwork.

It wasn't the first time. When God handed out brains, Neal asked for a double scoop of Marshmallow Fluff. He had a trim, muscular body, but it lost its appeal when you realized he offered it to every guy in the city, or at least every guy at the Rope 'n' Ride. Neal changed lovers as often as he changed hair color, which last month had been Peppy Ginger but was now a shade called Midnight Sable. Neal considered promiscuity part of his job description.

"What a fuck-up," Jeff muttered, setting a glass in front of the ugly biker. The cute biker peered into his scotch-and-soap with a puzzled frown.

Baby, my ass is yours!"

Jeff tried to say something similar, but the words stuck in his throat. He couldn't bring himself to coo, flirt, or grovel. Not with a guy whose face resembled day-old pizza.

The biker made a fist with one black-gloved hand. The gloves were fingerless and had a row of spikes across the knuckles.

"I'm sorry," said Jeff. He tried to sound humble, but it came out sarcastic.

"Mash his face to a bloody pulp," encouraged the cute biker. Jeff couldn't believe his ears. The guy had curly blond hair and a round, boyish face. Who'd have thought he'd turn out to be such a bloodthirsty little devil?

"Be reasonable," Jeff told the angry couple. "You can't kill me in here. There are too many witnesses."

"Hell, I won't stop you," put in the blond cowboy. "It'll serve the little shit right for what he did to our drinks."

"Look, it was a mistake," Jeff protested.

Jeff hated special promotions at his bar, the Rope 'N' Ride. He felt they attracted rough trade and encouraged the regulars to act crazy. He was right, of course. That was the idea exactly. And on one night in particular, Bondage Night got crazier than he ever dreamed.

AIDS had destroyed what the place had always been. Neal had ushered in the new era. Jeff Callahan, with six years as bartender under his belt, had survived the transition only barely, and with a great deal of resentment. Particularly for Neal.

"What did you call me?" growled the ugly biker. Rage made him uglier. His squinty eyes vanished in folds of flesh, while his pimples swelled to twice their size.

"He called you a fuck-up," offered the cute biker helpfully. "He put dishwater in my drink, too."

"It was an accident," Jeff lied. Why had he given in to the malicious impulse? He should have known he couldn't get away with shit like that. If Neal had done it, it would have been a good joke; but Jeff, as usual, had gotten caught. If only fluff-brained Neal were here! He'd smoothe it over, in his dumb but sexy way. Something like, "Ooh, you want to beat me?

But the three customers were out for blood. Two ham-like fists in black leather grabbed his shoulders in a crushing grip, while the cute biker grabbed one of Jeff's legs and the cowboy took the other. Jeff felt himself being hauled into the air, then flung down on the bar amid shattering glassware. The ugly biker's bulldog grip shifted to the nape of Jeff's neck, and he felt his face being pressed relentlessly toward a vat of maraschino cherries.

"Guys, can't we talk about this?" he begged, before his face smashed into the cherries and his words became a choking gurgle.

"What's going on here?"

Abruptly the pressure let up on Jeff's neck. With crushed cherries dripping from his chin, he lifted his head to glimpse his rescuer. It was Neal, but if Jeff hadn't recognized his voice he wouldn't have known the barback. Neal's hair, which had been black yesterday, was now blu-

Continued to page 28

THE TOP MAN & THE CHEETAH

by Beast • Art by Mell

He was stretched out on the bed, still wearing the leathers he had worn in the bar the night before—a vest that didn't come close to covering the massive torso, and skin-tight chaps that fit his muscular legs like well-worn gloves—and nothing else. I had removed his blue jeans while he was still asleep.

I had also added a few things: leather restraints to hold him spread-eagle, a dog collar around his neck, a gag across his mouth. The gag was special. It had a tube running through it that could be attached to a hose through which he could be fed liquids.

I ran a gloved hand through his dark, curly hair, and down through the thick fur on his muscular chest and washboard stomach. There was a confident look in his dark eyes, as if he thought he was still in control of the situation.

That would change.

I went over to a small table and let him watch as I opened six bottles of beer and poured them into a larger bottle. I attached one end of a hose to the tube running through his gag. To the other end I attached a tube which ran through the stopper of the large bottle. I upended the bottle and hung it on a pole near the bed. I adjusted the rate of flow so he could handle it without trouble. Well, without too much trouble.

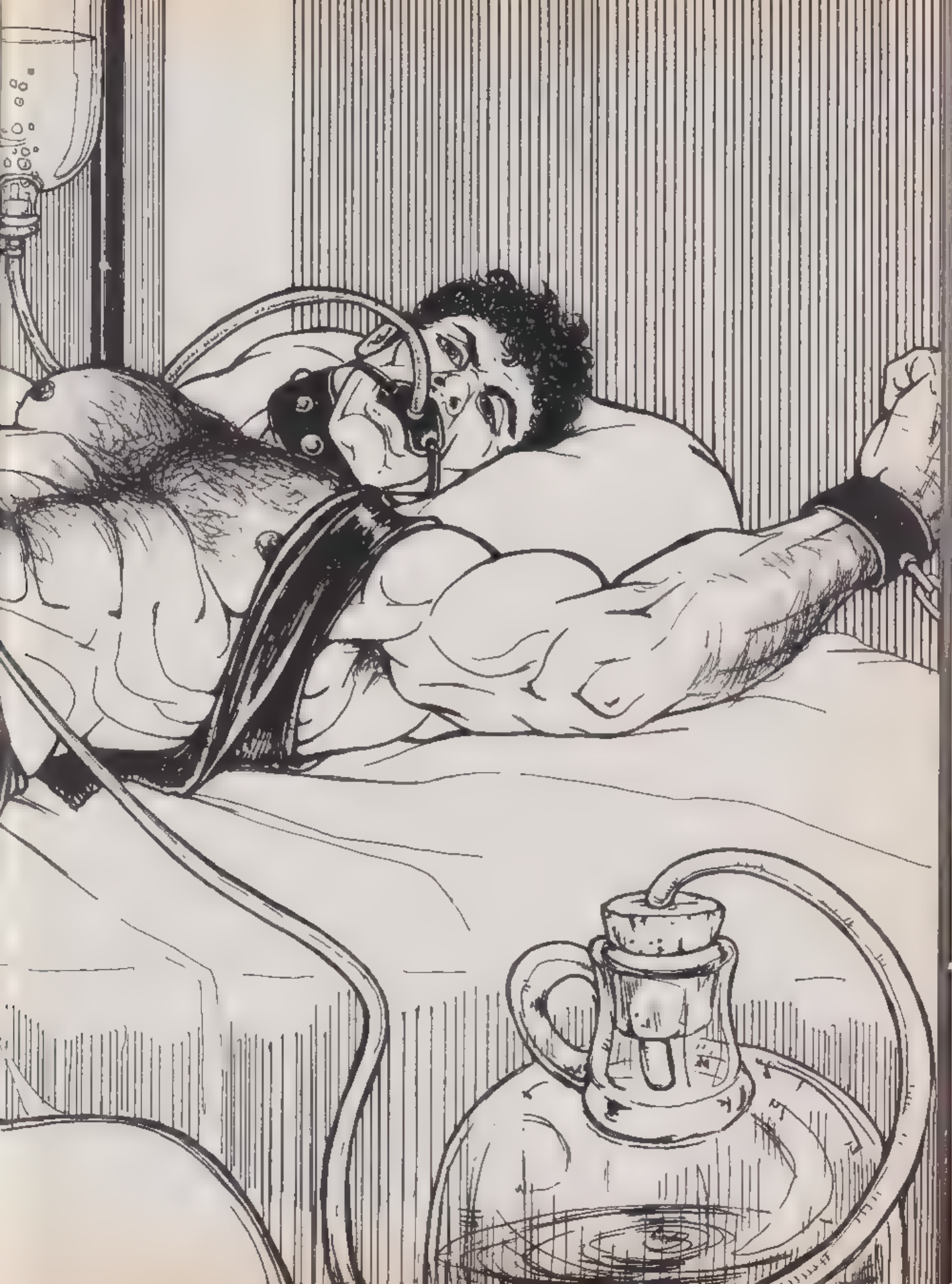
I watched him guzzling the beer in order to avoid drowning in it. I thought of how tough he'd thought he was. I thought of how much he loved to drink beer and then to hold down some poor humiliated guy and piss in his mouth. I remembered him doing this to me, in a bar crowded with other topmen cheering him on. I thought how easy it had been to drug him in the bar last night.

As he drank, I fondled his egg-like balls. I put a small leather harness around them and around his cock. I pulled the harness as tight as possible and fastened it. Then I reached for the Texas catheter.

A Texas catheter is a lot like a condom except that it has a velcro band that fits snugly around the base of the cock, and the other end, instead of being closed, leads into a hose. Like any catheter, it is designed so that a bedridden patient can urinate without pissing all over the sheets.

As I attached the Texas catheter to his cock, I noticed that his dark eyes were no longer confident.

When he finished the beer, I undid one of the chains attached to the ankle cuffs and reattached it near the head of the bed. I repeated this with the other one. The effect was to pull his legs over his head so that his asshole was now exposed and vulnerable.



Once, in Africa, I saw a gazelle taken down by a cheetah. The big cat wasn't interested in making a kill; he just wanted to revel in the fear and humiliation of his captive. I looked down at the big, cockteasing brute I had tied to my bed. He was like that cheetah and I was just the man who could change him from the hunter to the prey. He had a big lesson to learn and tonight was the night for his education to begin.

Once, in Africa, I saw a gazelle taken down by a cheetah. A herd of gazelles had been grazing quietly when suddenly the cheetah came out of nowhere. The spotted cat hit a large buck and knocked him down. The predator's forepaws were on the buck's neck, his powerful jaws squeezing the windpipe. His muscular legs, capable of propelling this killer at 70 miles an hour, were poised on his prey's abdomen, ready to rip downward and disembowel the buck with his razor-sharp claws.

The gazelle trembled with primal fear. The cheetah exulted in the dread and suffering of his victim.

After a time, the cheetah abruptly stood up and loped back into the brush. The gazelle just lay there for a few minutes, paralyzed. Finally, it gathered enough strength to limp back to its herd.

The gazelle was unharmed, unmarked, but it had stared death in the face, and the cheetah had reveled in its torture.

My guides said they had never seen or heard of anything like it. I see it all the time.

My thoughts focused again on the topman. The slime wasn't into sex; he was into stalking his prey, seducing them, subduing them, reveling in their quaking humiliation, then walking away without a backward glance. Sex to him was a victory lap. Once his prey was reduced to jelly, he was through with him, ready to discard him like a used rubber.

Now the topman was the gazelle, and I was the cheetah. I had stalked him and brought him down. For a few minutes, we would share an intense intimacy, the intimacy of predator and prey. For a few minutes, for a few hours, for a few days—it was up to me, totally. It was up to me to decide if, at the end of our encounter, he was to live or die. He had no say in the matter. And I could see that he knew it.

I was wearing loose-fitting clothes, leather gloves, and a hood. I had not spoken to him above a whisper. I doubted that he would be able to recognize me, but—if I let him go—he would know that I was out there, somewhere. Always out there. He would live the rest of his life in dread. Perhaps that would be a better sentence for him than death.

Perhaps.

I opened my fly and pulled out my hard cock. Seeing him there, his legs spread over his head, his asshole prime for plugging, had got me as horny as a three-balled tomcat. I put a condom on my cock. I knew he was into safe sex—for himself. No *exchange* of body fluids, though he never seemed to mind forcing his own onto or into his victims. I was going to follow his rules meticulously.

With far more gentleness than he deserved I penetrated him, slowly. [illegible] pumped his tight ass, I stroked his cock. I *made* him get hard.

I reached up with my other hand, grabbed his nipple, pinched it hard. That was enough to push him over the edge. He spurted thick, white cream into the catheter. That set *me* off. I shot into the rubber and collapsed on top of him.

I thought [illegible] it [illegible] remembered that we had caught it. The next day we had gone out on horseback. We had chased it until it was exhausted, until it had barely enough energy to glare at us as we tied it up. It had been put in a zoo, and it had died a few months later—of humilation?

I caught my breath and started moving again. There were two more things to be done. I pulled my cock out of his ass and replaced it with a butt plug. Then I took the hose that was connected to the catheter and hooked it to the tube going through his gag.

"You had a whole six-pack of beer a while ago, Stud. How long can you hold it? When your piss cuts loose it's going to wash your cum into your mouth. You can swallow your cum and piss, or you can drown in it."

I turned out the lights and went into the adjoining room. I changed my clothes and went out into the street.

The topman would be recycling the same six-pack all night. I had tipped the maid so that she would go in to make up the room at exactly 10:00 the next morning. She would let him loose, yes, but his exposure to a strange woman would be the final and ultimate humiliation.

Once again I had caged a predator. I had let him know how it felt to be prey. I had let the topman know how it felt to be used, like he had used others, against his will. I doubted that he would ever do it again.

But I knew I would. ■

BONDAGE NIGHT

Continued from page 21

ish-green and stood up in stiff spikes all over his head. His long, slim legs were encased in chaps so tight it appeared Neal's legs had turned from flesh to tubes of black leather. He looked outrageously hot, but as always Neal had taken it a step too far. He wasn't wearing anything under the chaps. His cock, which was larger than average, seemed to dangle to his knees. His balls swung to and fro as he took a step forward.

"Hey, man, green hair," said the baby-faced biker, half stunned and half admiring.

"It's not green, it's Tender Turquoise," explained Neal. He slipped a hand under his cock and pulled it up and away from his body. The cowboy and the bikers stood transfixed as Neal showed off his full eight inches. A few more strokes, and Neal's cock was standing on its own. He continued to slide his hand up and down his shaft, but he never looked at it. Somehow his eyes locked with the cowboy's and both bikers at once as he asked, "Why are you all messing around at the bar? The real action's in the men's room in about five minutes. Get me?"

Neal led them off like an X-rated Pied Piper. Dazed, Jeff climbed off the bar. It took him five minutes to wipe his face and bandage a hand cut by flying glassware. Then it took him almost 30 minutes to clean up the spilled liquor and broken glass. His initial gratitude toward Neal began to fade. Eventually he forgot that Neal had rescued him from serious bodily harm. All he could think was that Neal was off screwing around while he, Jeff, was stuck sweeping the floor and scrubbing the glasses. It wasn't fair!

God, how he hated this place and all the stupid, low-life rutters who, in record crowds night after night, had turned the place into the most popular—and now almost the only—sleaze bar in town. Most of all he hated the Pied Piper of Sleaze who was leading the pitifully fatalistic dance of death. Jeff refused to join the dance, but so far he had chosen to remain in the dance hall. He told himself it was only because he needed the job. Most of the time he managed to believe himself.

When the last piece of glass was swept up, Neal appeared. His cock was half-erect and didn't appear any the worse for what it had been through in the men's room. His turquoise hair was tousled, and he had a shit-eating grin on his face.

"What took you so long?" Jeff demanded.

Neal blinked. "Huh? Oh, I forgot it was Bondage Night. Had to go home and change my clothes."

"I'm not asking why you're late for work, fluffhead. I want to know what you were doing in that bathroom."

Neal smiled stupidly. "It's payday, Jeff. I wanted to blow a few bucks."

"You stupid fuck-up!" Jeff screamed.

People turned and stared. "He's on drugs," someone murmured. The crowd began to edge away from the bar.

Jeff pounded his fist on the bartop. Christ! Here was Neal, stoned or maybe coked-up from the way his pupils were spinning, and people thought *Jeff* was on drugs!

"I've had enough of your abuse," said Neal quietly.

Jeff looked up, shocked, as Neal reached across the bar and grabbed him by the throat. The room spun as Neal's wiry fingers closed tighter around Jeff's windpipe.

"You owe me one," Neal growled. Jeff clawed at Neal's hands, but Neal's fingers were steel bands. "I saved your life, remember? Now I want something in return."

"What do you want!" Jeff tried to say. It came out a gasping gurgle.

"I want your ass," Neal snarled. "You've been holding out on me too damn long."

The audience cheered. Actually cheered! Jeff felt betrayed. Here were guys he'd served and—among those from the old crowd—guys whose troubles he'd listened to. Now all were crying out with equal relish for his humiliation.

"Stick it to him!" shouted a voice in the crowd. "Put Mr. Hardass in his place!"

There was no escape. Men in leather hemmed him in on every side as Neal marched him triumphantly to the bathroom. A black guy was blowing a redhead by the urinals. They saw Neal's murderous face and scurried out without zipping their flies, no doubt to continue their reckless depravity in public.

Jeff gathered his strength. He tensed to break Neal's strangle hold, but before he could try anything Neal abruptly released him. Jeff opened his mouth to reason with Neal, but when he looked into Neal's drug-glazed eyes he knew it was hopeless. He headed for the door.

"They're out there," said Neal quietly. "Everyone at the Rope 'n' Ride hates you. Tonight it's Bondage Night and they want your blood."

Jeff laughed nervously. "You're full of shit, man. That scuffle at the bar was just horseplay that got out of hand."

"Maybe." Neal's pupils dilated even further. He rested a hand on his cock, which was slowly stiffening into a lethal-looking weapon. "Maybe it started that way, but it got serious real fast. Nobody likes you, Jeff. You're a hardass who spoils everybody's fun. You're a smartass preacher of safe sex who hangs out with the rough crowd to lord your superiority over them. That mob out there's been simmering a long time. Just like the tension simmering between you and me. Tonight I'm gonna find out how hard your ass really is!"

The smell of sweat and leather filled Jeff's nostrils as Neal moved closer. Jeff realized that some of the sweat was his own.

This couldn't be happening! Neal took another step. He had a cocky swagger with pelvis thrust forward so that Jeff couldn't help staring at his cock. At least Jeff *told* himself he couldn't help looking. At least he *almost* believed himself. Neal's cock was thick and rigid and long and deadly. Jeff's own cock tingled in response. Why? I can't help it, Jeff thought; it's as instinctive as salivating over the charbroiled smell of a thick juicy steak. That accounted for his attraction to "thick and rigid and long." But what about "deadly"? How could he explain *that* away?

Continued on page 74

Jeff gathered his strength. He tensed to break Neal's strangle hold. "They're out there," said Neal quietly. "Everyone at the Rope 'N' Ride hates you. Tonight it's Bondage Night and they want your blood!"

SUN KISSED

At the crack of dawn
His golden fur glistens in the

by Kristen Bjorn

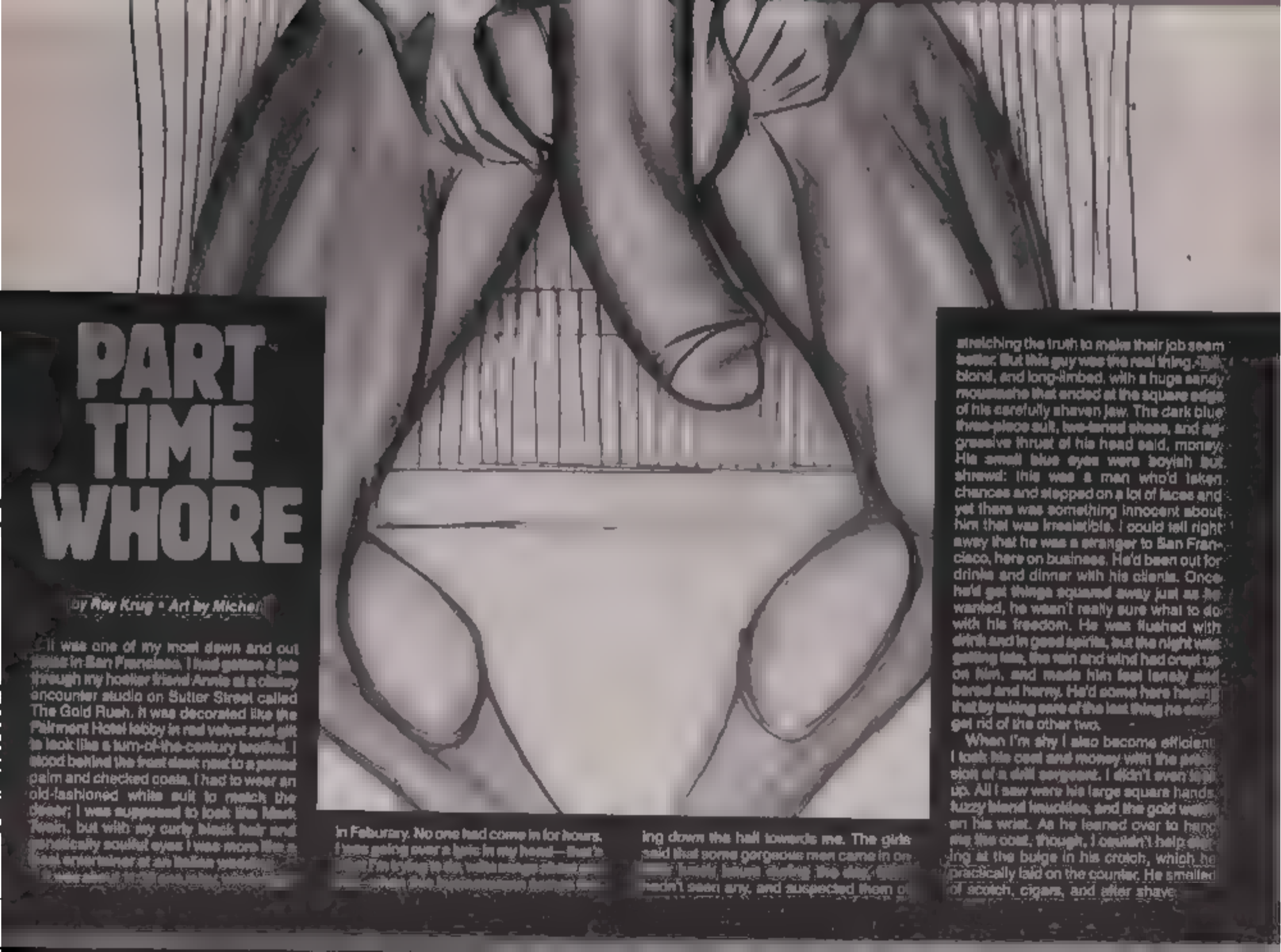
SUN KISSED

His beauty is as blinding as an unshielded ray from King Sol.

SUN KISSED

He thrives on heat: from the solar disk and from his hot body.

SUN-KISSED



PART TIME WHORE

by Roy Krug • Art by Michel

It was one of my most down and out times in San Francisco. I had gotten a job through my hooker friend Annie at a classy encounter studio on Sutter Street called The Gold Rush. It was decorated like the Palmont Hotel lobby in red velvet and gilt to look like a turn-of-the-century brothel. I stood behind the front desk next to a potted palm and checked coats. I had to wear an old-fashioned white suit to match the decor; I was supposed to look like Mark Twain, but with my curly black hair and passionately soulful eyes I was more like a

In Feburary. No one had come in for hours. I was going over a lyric in my head—that's

ing down the hall towards me. The girls said that some gorgeous men came in on

I haven't seen any, and suspected them o

stretching the truth to make their job seem better. But this guy was the real thing. Tall, blond, and long-limbed, with a huge sandy moustache that ended at the square edge of his carefully shaven jaw. The dark blue three-piece suit, two-toned shoes, and aggressive thrust of his head said, money. His small blue eyes were boyish but shrewd: this was a man who'd taken chances and stepped on a lot of faces and yet there was something innocent about him that was irresistible. I could tell right away that he was a stranger to San Francisco, here on business. He'd been out for drinks and dinner with his clients. Once he'd got things squared away just as he wanted, he wasn't really sure what to do with his freedom. He was flushed with drink and in good spirits, but the night was getting late, the rain and wind had crept up on him, and made him feel lonely and bored and horny. He'd come here hoping that by taking care of the last thing he could get rid of the other two.

When I'm shy I also become efficient. I took his coat and money with the precision of a civil servant. I didn't even look up. All I saw were his large square hands, fuzzy blond knuckles, and the gold watch on his wrist. As he leaned over to hand me the coat, though, I couldn't help looking at the bulge in his crotch, which he practically laid on the counter. He smelled of scotch, cigars, and after shave.

At The Gold Rush you went down a short flight of stairs past my desk into a large room where the girls waited for customers. There was an artificial tree in the center of the room with wooden benches around it. The dim pink light came from fake gas fixtures on the walls. Toni, the manager, doesn't allow the girls to do anything while they wait; they can't drink or dance or listen to disco or do their hair. They get mighty bored and bitchy sitting there those hours. I watched my businessman go over to Janet, a nice-looking redhead. I laughed as she smiled up at him. Her shift was almost over and it was practically killing her to be pleasant.

I wasn't going to torture myself watching. I was surprised to see him coming up the stairs a few minutes after me; he seemed angry and bewildered. I couldn't help feeling sorry for him, he really looked miserable. I had to laugh at myself: only I would feel bad for a man who probably had a wife and kids in a mansion somewhere and made more money in a month than I did in a whole year, just because he was lonely on a rainy night in a strange city. He adjusted his coat sleeves for a few minutes. I could tell he wanted to talk to another guy.

"Shit," he said bitterly, pretending to wind his watch.

"What's a good-looking man like you doing here?" I asked, feeling my way. "There must be plenty of women who'd sleep with you."

He smiled a little at the unexpected compliment.

"C'mon, you know it isn't so easy as that. And it's getting harder and harder. You dine and dance a woman, really romance her, and at the end of the night she goes home with her independence and all you've got is a hard-on. But you can get pretty sick of places like this too, believe me. But you should be old enough to know all this."

"Actually", I said, shooting for the top, "I'm gay. There isn't the same bullshit between men. A guy knows what pleases another guy. It's a whole lot simpler."

His little blue eyes screwed up with concern.

"Huh. Yes. Well, when I was in the Navy, there was this guy...we used to get pretty stir-crazy out on that ship..." He laughed sheepishly.

"Listen" I said, trying to make it sound like the most natural thing in the world that I should be propositioning him, which it was, "A man like you deserves attention. I'll give you a good massage, and afterwards, if you feel like doing something, I know I can please you; if not, just split. No strings attached." I held up my hands to illustrate. He was looking at me hard and steady. You could practically see the wheels turning in his mind.

"No", he said, finally, in a definite tone.

"OK." I gave him a big, understanding smile. "But I can tell you what's going to happen when you go out that door. You'll wander around in the rain not knowing where to head. You'll end up in some sleazy bar in the bottom of a hotel drinking yourself into oblivion while some old salesman spills photos of his kids onto your lap. And believe me, you'll have me on your mind when you get back to your hotel room."

He was laughing a little now. "You should be a lawyer. We could use a guy like you."

I laughed too. "Yep, you'll be wondering about what I would've done for you."

He scratched the back of his head and grimaced.

"Maybe I would. Shit. Why not? Sure, let's give it a try. I'm on vacation, aren't I?"

Well, son of a bitch, I thought to myself as I went down the hall to ask Toni. I felt like skipping.

Toni was upstairs in her office, doing the books. She was a bony, white-faced woman who was always dressed in a military blue polyester pantsuit. Besides counting money and figuring expenses, most of her time was spent keeping aloft an enormous beehive structure of platinum curls with the aid of constant showers of hair-spray. When I walked in, she had just sprayed herself accidentally in the eye and was cussing like a drunk. It was not an auspicious moment for my proposal. I told her what I wanted to do. Her face couldn't get any whiter, but her one good eye narrowed and she glared at me out of the slit.

"No, goddammit, I won't have my business turned into ."

"But Toni, this guy is loaded. I'm telling you, this guy has Wall Street written all over him. And since I'm going to like it, I'll turn all the money over to you. Now how can you turn down a deal like that?" Of course I had no intention of asking this guy for any money, but it wasn't the moment for details.

I'd said the magic word. Both cold gray eyes opened miraculously and you could practically see matching dollar signs line up in them like cherries in a slot machine.

"Loaded, huh? Well, you'd better make it worth your while."

"I definitely think it will be, ma'am."

I went back to the foyer. The executive was adjusting his collar and sleeves in front of the mirror, like a man who has just been in a fight and is recovering his composure.

We went upstairs to the room reserved for parties, threesomes, or the very wealthy. It was a large, pleasant white room. One wall had long windows covered with white curtains and there was a circular bed mirrored in front and above. The white tiles on the floor made it seem like a room in a bathhouse. When we came in, and were about to face each other, I suddenly realized how feminine a room it was. We were strangers here. It helped somehow.

Off one end was a bathroom with a small wooden sauna and shower. I turned on the sauna. When I came back the man was sprawled on the bed in his suit, one arm flung over his eyes. I remembered he had been drinking and prayed for him not to pass out on me. But when he heard me coming towards the bed he moved his arm, and for a moment looked at me so threateningly that I almost stopped in my tracks. I came over to him as naturally as I could and began to loosen his collar and tie. I got off on opening his shirt and seeing the expanse of thick, hairy blond chest grow. As I took off his shirt I was again aware of his male smell of drink, cologne, and peppery sweat. He smelled of his whole long day. He tensed up as I fiddled with the belt buckle and reached down and half-grabbed my hands defensively. When I finally pulled off his pants and shoes, he turned warily on his stomach and I wriggled off his boxer shorts without

But once he got used to the idea of fucking a man, he really got into it in a big way. The biggest. "Christ, it's tight," he said to me. "Fuckin' bear-trap." "It's cherry pie," I replied. "I thought you'd be a guy who liked cherry pie."

a glimpse of his cock.

It was a powerful body, completely comfortable and satisfied with itself. Wiry blond hair ran across the big packed shoulders and down his spine. It was the body of a man who might have played football in college but now ate and drank heavily, spent an hour or two a week on a racquetball court, and maybe sailed in summer, but not much else. His ass even spread a little, but I like a man to have a little extra weight. It's just that much more leverage. I began to massage his massive shoulders. After a few minutes he let out a huge groan and breathed deeply. Then he turned to me over his shoulder and gave me a shy smile of appreciation. That was all I needed.

He asked me to get him a cigar he had saved from dinner that was in his coat pocket. I lit it for him. It was big and fragrant. Then I got back on his back and started work again. My cock was hard and waved like a magic wand trying to turn him into a passionate lover. The freckled skin of his muscles got moist, and the room filled with the smell of our sweat, and clouds of strong blue smoke.

I'd done every trick I know for about 20 minutes, when he turned around again and looked at me.

"I don't get it. I've been thinking about it and I don't get it."

"Don't think. Just enjoy this."

"No, listen. What's in this for you? You know I'm just going to get up and leave pretty soon."

"I told you no strings attached. I'm enjoying this as much as you are."

"But why do all this for me? I never get this kind of attention from a woman. It's always the other way around."

"You're worth it."

"I don't get it," he repeated and rolled over. Then I saw why he was bothered: his heavy brown meat was so hard it would actually jump off his belly and stand straight up for a second. Two giant dark brown balls were drawn up close to its base like cannonballs ready to fire.

It was everything I could do to keep from stuffing that thing in my mouth, but the expression on his face was so genuinely bewildered that instead I bent down and kissed him. For a second he went rigid with years of training. Then our mouths opened and I tasted liquor, tobacco, and the amazing knowledge that it was *his* tongue in my mouth. His arms went up around my shoulders and then automatically down to my buttocks. Now don't tell me there's no such thing as natural gay instincts: this man didn't need anyone to tell him what he wanted. His hands ran over the smooth roundness and I could feel his fingers playing with the hair in the crack. Then the fingers

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found the tiny mouth inside and his cock jumped against my belly like it was already splitting that slit open. His hands started to squeeze harder and pull at the hair so it hurt and when they reached the hole again they were angry and fumbling like a man at a keyhole. A mean, different voice whispered in my ear: "You fucking cunt." Then he was slapping my ass with his whole arms and pulling apart the buttocks like he wanted to hold one in each hand like cantaloupes. He got up suddenly and spilled me off him, pushed me face down on the bed and held me there by the back of the neck.

"Don't you move now," he said, low and harsh. "I'm going to give you a good whupping just like your daddy used to. Which you deserve. Don't you move now."

He gave such hell to my ass with the backs of his hands that I had to eat the pillow to keep the noise down. He stopped for a second to relight his cigar and grip it between his front teeth, his lips snarling. When his hands started hurting he leaned over to the chair where his pants were hung and drew out his belt. It was only a thin leather dress belt, but he stood a few feet from the bed and did wonders with it. After a dozen licks it felt like matches being passed over my bare ass.

But the pain was just like the feeling I had inside whenever I looked at this man—he was so good-looking it hurt. All of a sudden he jumps my ass and I feel his teeth sinking into my neck. I barely had time to wriggle out from under him.

"Hey, you can't just dive in like that—it's not a swimming pool."

Out of the medicine cabinet I got a big jar of hand cream, since he seemed like the kind of guy that would like it slippery.

He lay back and let me grease the hot tube of meat that was so stiff it kept moving around by itself. I don't think it's right to give a man directions unless it's absolutely necessary, and then only in a way that will make him feel it was his own idea anyway. So in my most obedient voice I asked, "Could I please sit on it for a minute to get used to it?"

"You can sit on it all night if you want, honey," he said, magnanimously.

I knelt on one knee over his lap and worked just on the head. It was the size of a small apple. I wanted to do this cock justice; it was the finest I ever worked with. I rotated the head just inside the lips where the muscle is tightest and smoothest. I did it by inches all the way down to the root. By the time my ass was rubbing his belly I could feel his head making a hot circle way up inside my body. He was making strangling noises.

"Christ, that's tight. Fucking beartrap."

"It's cherry pie. I thought you'd be a guy who liked cherry pie."

He laughed without opening his mouth. "I'm going to stretch that pie tonight."

I turned all the way around on it so he could see how it looked from behind, how the two round buns eat up the cock and then let it out by inches. I held the cock in one hand and let it come out entirely so that he could have that first feeling of getting stuck again and again. He struggled up on his knees, though, and pushed me down flat. Then *he* turned around till his big bony feet were by my head, and fucked me backwards. This man had instincts, like I said. He reached spots I didn't know existed. I felt like he'd given me a whole new asshole.

He unstuck his thing from the wet squeeze between the buns, got off the bed, and returned to the last inches of his cigar, which was still glowing. He sat on the edge of the bed smoking in silence and running his hands through his hair.

Then he lumbered into the bathroom. I lay on my back and lifted my legs in the air.

I waited through the long drilling of his piss and sizzling of the cigar butt as it hit the water. My legs were shaking by the time he stood again by the bed, smiling and jerking the floppy meat that dangled between his legs. His eyes were mean things, really. Then, in one motion, he pounced and slammed into that offered, open hole. A few minutes he spent high on top of the ass, and jabbed to hurt it. Then, once he felt like he was king of the mountain again, his rhythm changed and he fucked slow, deep strokes. I could feel the hair on his belly brushing my butt as he struggled to get every inch in. Each time he hit bottom my eyes opened and my face lit up. I don't know if he kept finding new spots or if it was just the same spot over and over again, but I was going on and off like a Christmas tree. He started exploring the inside with his cock, coming from different angles and making the silky lining work for him.

I lost track of time. I didn't know anything but his cock. But at a certain point I sensed his rhythm pick up. He'd been watching his strokes in my face, but now I could see he wasn't aware of me anymore. He pushed my legs back all the way and hooked my toes against the wall. Now he could go up on his toes and hands and just dip his cock into the wet slit like a pen in an inkwell. My head banged against the headboard from the energy of his assault, but he didn't seem to hear. He was heading somewhere now. He was nothing but cock now, from head to foot, all cock.

That little hole was driving him crazy. His heavy blond body seemed to fly in midair at it. His eyes were glazed, blind; sweat dripped off his face onto mine. On his face were mingled rage, frustration, and the simple gross intentness of a man stuck in a greasy hole. Suddenly his head snapped back and he brayed, a high, unmanly sound through his nose, then as he unloaded himself, he grunted down in his throat, happy as a pig in shit.

I couldn't believe it when, after a few minutes, he buried his face in my neck

Continued to page 74

An attendant in a straight whore house gets to see a lot of life. More than he wants to, sometimes. One night, though, a dude came through the door who really opened my eyes and made me want to see more. Of him. He thought he wanted a broad. But I knew different.

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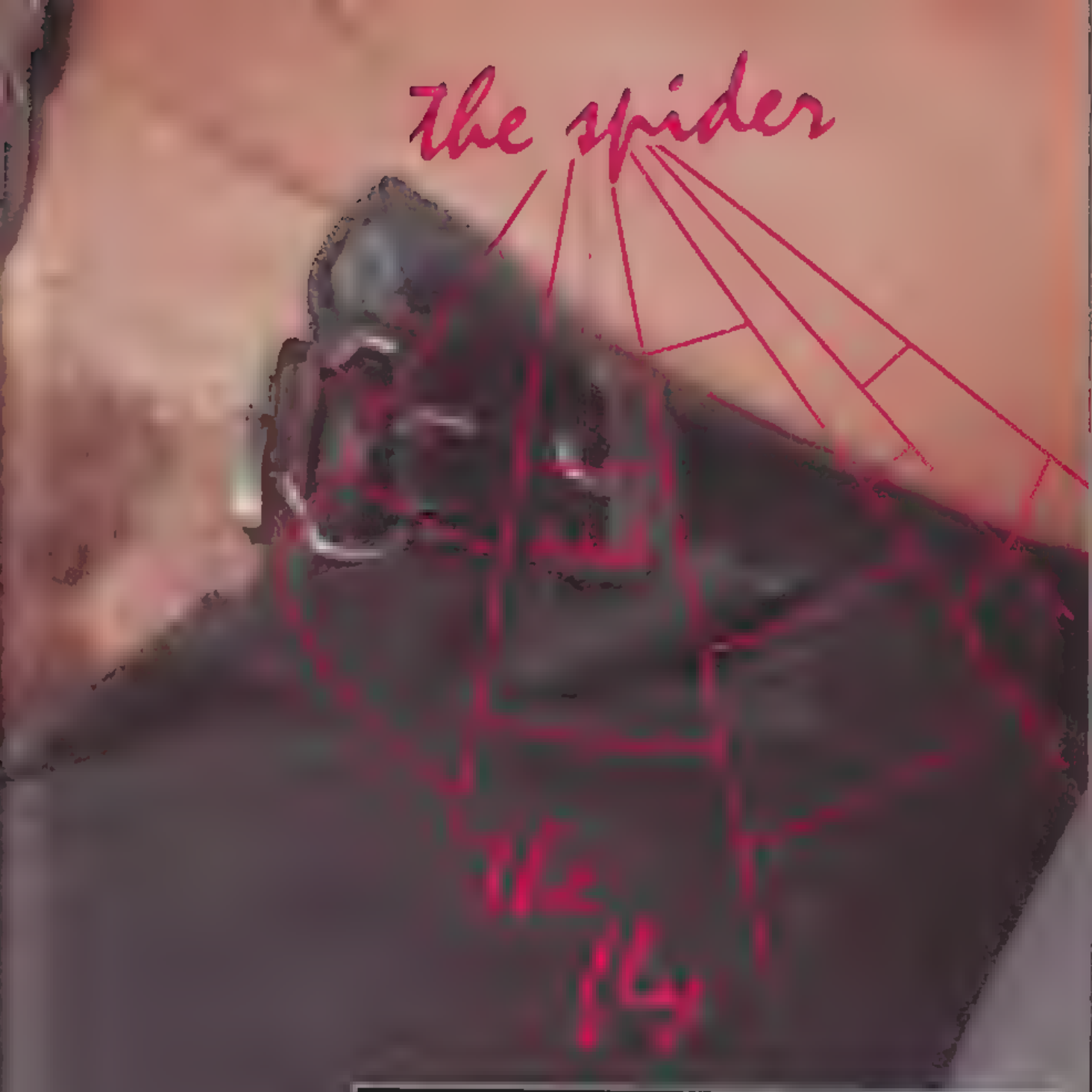
The Spider and the Fly



by John Castle • Photo by Phillip Beard

Pete Jensen yawned. Shit, it was a quiet day; only five trucks through the weigh scales all morning, and so cunting hot that even though he wore only the briefest shorts, the sweat ran down his muscular chest and through the thick hairs round his stiff red tits. No one to talk to, stuck out here on the edge of town. Lucky the weigh scales didn't involve money. The dump was so isolated he'd be helpless as a fly in a spider's web if anyone turned nasty.

He leaned back and unzipped to let the air cool his balls. His hand lingered, cuping fat, young, spunk-loaded nuts, then to the thick butt of his juicy cock. Jesus, he loved to play with himself, fondling his prick into a nine-inch barrel of solid fuckmeat. But at 18, shouldn't a guy be over the kid stuff?

He glanced out. No trucks in sight. . . the little glass window in front of him empty. Pete's eyes closed, his head thrown back, one hand massaging his

Continued to page 60

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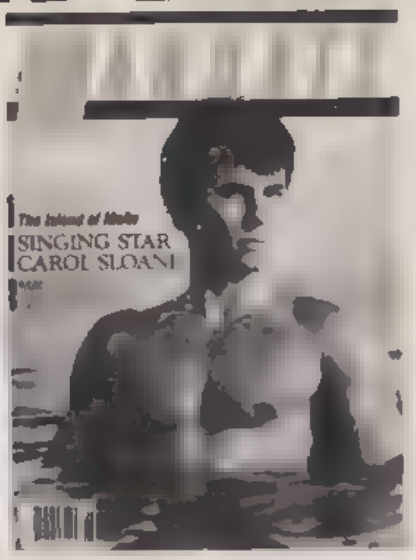

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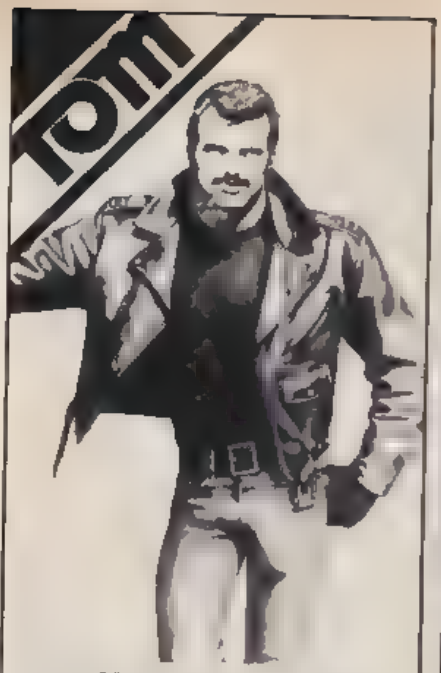

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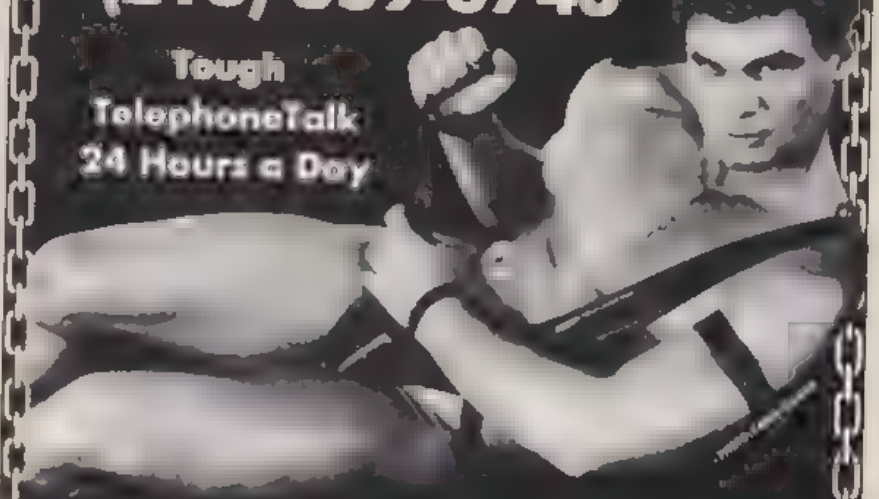

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SPIDER AND THE FLY

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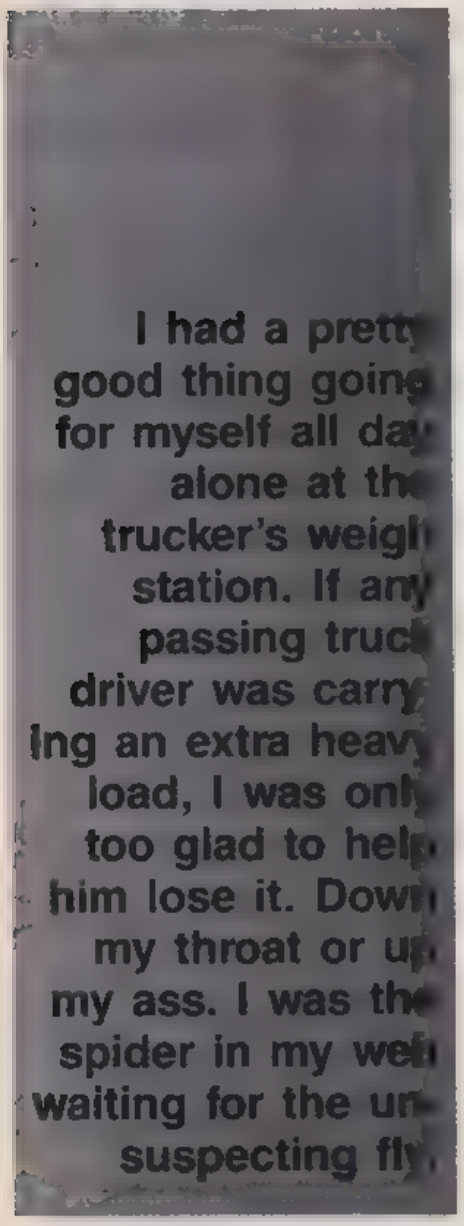

dick, slowly then faster; fingers reaming deep in his hot asshole, thighs gaping wide as his big cock jerked in his hand. Shit, he loved his thick juicy rod; loved to slap it hard on his hairy guts and make it spurt hot curds. He was going to blow. Could feel it rising, *rising*—

"I ain't got all day, y'know."

Pete's eyes flashed open. Christ! The cabin of a big Chevy truck loomed outside the window, the driver staring down at him. Did the counter hide his stiff cock from those hard blue eyes? Pete zipped up, gasping "Sorry. Didn't hear you come."

"I cruised down the hill," the trucker said. "Engine's overheating." He was about 24, thick black curly hair, moustache, and *built*—oh man! His naked chest was oily with sweat, and the fat nipples of his swollen pecs stood up like a rutting dog's horny cock, stiff and red. Across his chest was the tattoo of a huge black spider, its fang stabbing deep into the luscious nipple. Pete gulped and forced himself to read the gauges.

He heard the truck door open. The guy sat in the cabin above him in a pair of cut-off jeans, his muscular thighs gaping open, heavy leather boots on his bare legs—and Pete saw it! Jesus Murphy, did he *ever* see it!

The thickest goddamn cock that ever shot a load! Its juicy round head stuck out under the cut-offs, and from the other leg Pete saw the pink knobs of his huge balls, the engorged veins red as a road map. Even as Pete stared, unable to speak, the hanging rubbery foreskin peeled back and the piss slit came into view, like some goddamn red snake lunging out.

"I gotta piss," the guy said harshly. "Drinkin' beer all day! You get a washroom?"

Pete licked dry lips. "No, but there's no one here. Jus' go around the corner."

"Suits me!" The guy climbed down, his stinking sweat-soaked shorts hanging so the slash of his jutting round ass showed deep and hairy. He moved round the corner of the little iron building to where the guys usually relieved themselves. Pete glued his eye to the little hole and peered through. Oh man, he could hardly breathe. Slowly the guy eased the shorts off his ass, and his cock came out, thick, spongy, *huge!* The trucker sucked in his muscular guts, dragged the foreskin off that massive cheesy head and the cock lifted, not inches from Pete's staring eyes.

And then he pissed! A rope of thick golden piss arched out from his firehose and Pete fell to his knees and ripped down his shorts, frantically jacking off as the piss splashed noisily against the iron wall. Abruptly the piss stopped and the guy began to fondle his cock, slowly then faster, his huge hairy balls dancing. Shit, he was going to jerk off—right in front of Pete's eyes!

Pete's own cock was like iron, leaping in his jerking fist. Abruptly the piss started again, this time aimed directly at the hole where Pete peered through. It splashed in acid jets of urine on his face.

Frantically Pete jacked off, down on his knees, naked, when suddenly the door behind him was smashed open by a heavy-booted foot and the guy stood there, legs apart, snarling. From his knees, Pete looked up wide-eyed as the guy moved forward menacingly. "Thought you was a fuckin faggot," the trucker growled. "Like to see a guy play with his dick, eh?" His booted foot lashed out and Pete rolled flat on the floor, the guy towering over him, the heavy boot grinding into Pete's throbbing cock.

"Please," Pete gasped. "I'm sorry, Sir. I've never done it before. Please—let me go!"

"No way, baby. You're trapped!" The trucker glanced round the little office. "Right in your own sweet web." He thumbed the tattoo. "An' Spider's gonna make you wish you'd never been born!" The boot ground into Pete's mouth and he breathed the stink of piss-wet leather. "Lick it," Spider commanded. "Suck off the piss, faggot!"

"Oh no, please," Pete begged. "I swear I'll never do it again." The boot smashed harder, and half crying, Pete dragged the stinking leather to his mouth, sucking and licking the piss drops as the guy reared over him. Desperately he glanced at the window, his only escape. "You better go," Pete gasped. "Someone might come."

With one movement, the trucker flicked down the "CLOSED" blind, and Pete was alone with him, trapped. The guy stood over Pete, and looking up, Pete could see the massive dangle of hairy balls swinging below the pant legs and the huge cock-bulge in the denim.

And then it came. Unbelievably!

First Pete saw the spreading stain on the guy's shorts. Then the hot drops began to fall, gushing down as the trucker's beer-engorged bladder emptied its final load of hot piss—*through his own shorts!* Pete stared up into the piss-soaked jeans as hot golden rain spurted in his face. "No," Pete gasped. "Please—*no!*"

"Piss freak!" Spider snarled. "Open your mouth."

"God, *no!*" Pete screamed. "You can't make me."

The boot stomped again and Pete's mouth jerked open and scalding piss drops spattered at his lips. "Oh please," Pete wept. "Don't make me drink your piss."

The trucker rolled down the stinking denim and Pete stared up the barrel legs to the massive hairy guts. Shit, the guy's balls were enormous, the swinging fucknuts of a bull. Naked, the trucker stood over him and rammed the piss-soaked shorts in his face. "Suck 'em, faggot!" Slowly he lowered himself, and hardly able to breathe through the acrid stench, Pete watched as the gaping hairy ass slit of the trucker squatted over his face, the dangling balls brushing his lips. "Lick my balls, baby," the guy commanded.

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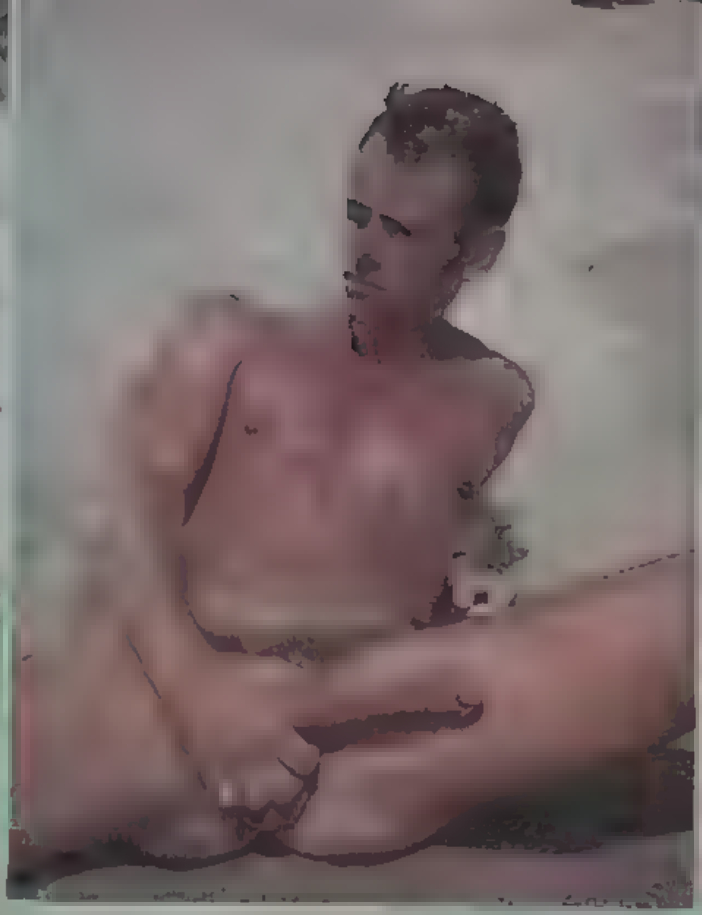
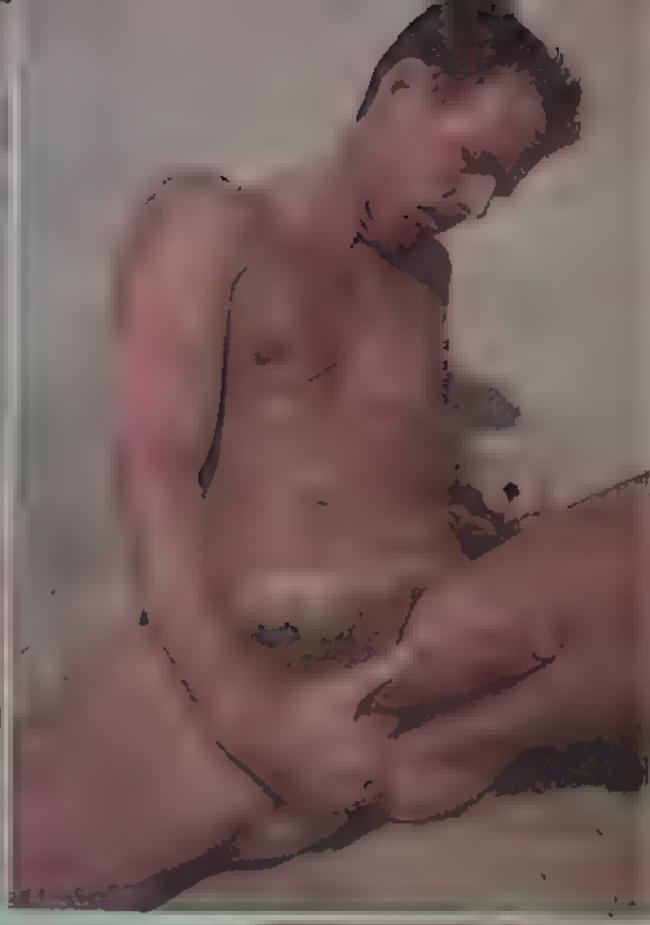
Private eyes

Private eyes





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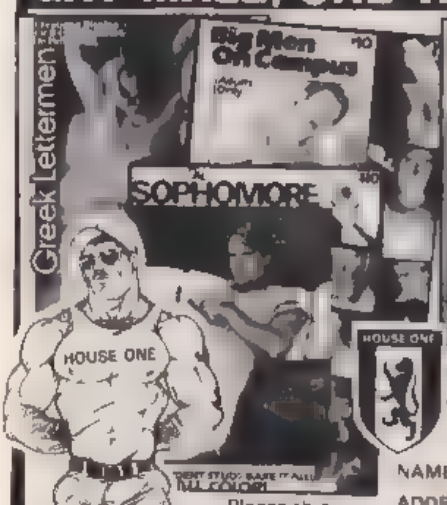

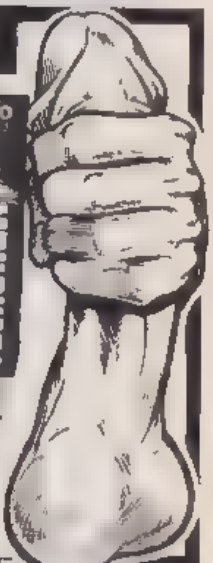

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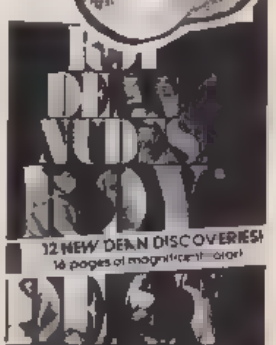

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SPIDER AND THE FLY

Continued from page 60

Pete was openly crying now. "Please—I'm just a kid. I've never done anything like that before. Honest!"

"*Lick* 'em!" The trucker slammed a meaty fist on Pete's cheek, and Pete's tongue jerked out against the hairy, crinkled sac. Oh Jesus, they stank of sweat and piss and crud. Like the guy said, Pete was a fly trapped in a web, and if he didn't cooperate, Christ knows what the Spider would do to him. Frantically he licked and sucked the dangling balls, but the creep still wasn't satisfied. He moved forward, his hairy ass slit hovering over Pete's mouth, and Pete looked right into the spasming, hairy ring of raging asshole as it dilated, its purple lips fringed with curling black ass hairs puckering deep in the slit of his bulging ass cheeks.

"Suck my hole, bastard," Spider commanded and rammed the juicy, twitching ring wetly on Pete's lips. Pete flung back his head to escape, but the trucker grabbed his hair and squatted on his face and rubbed the wet slit of his ass up and down Pete's lips. "Pull my cheeks open," he ordered, "and tongue my hole."

"God, you filthy bastard," Pete groaned. "Please—"

"Please, *Master*," the guy snarled and slammed again.

"Oh, yes—Master," Pete gasped. "Just don't kill me." His tongue dipped in and reamed the spasming hole, inhaling the stink of hot ass and balls and piss.

"Tell me you love it," Spider snarled.

"Oh, yes," Pete groaned. "I love it, Master. I want to lick your hole an' suck your beautiful fat balls." The putrid stink of Spider's cock stung Pete's nostrils. "Just don't make me suck your filthy prick!"

"Oh, no?" Abruptly Spider grabbed Pete's wrists and forced them back on the floor and that huge cock, its bloated head dripping and cheesy, probed Pete's lips. "You like cheese, baby?" the guy whispered softly. His voice hardened. "Lick off Daddy's cheese—else Daddy'll cut off your sweet little-boy balls!"

The stink of uncut cock curdled Pete's guts. "I'm gonna throw up," he screamed, then the thick spike lunged deep in his throat and stiff pubic hairs raped his cheeks as the trucker savagely mouth-fucked him, plunging his cock hard down Pete's throat as he lay back, helplessly pinned under the trucker's muscular body. Briefly the trucker pulled back. "Oh God, no more," Pete begged.

"On your feet, slave," Spider commanded. "We still got one sweet virgin asshole to try out!" He slammed Pete over the table, arms and legs spread wide, ass up and gaping, his delicate hole open and vulnerable.

"Oh Christ, *no*!" Pete shrieked. "I've never been fucked. Please—*I beg you*!" His shriek was abruptly gagged as the piss-soaked shorts were rammed in his mouth.

"Suck on these, virgin-boy, then it won't hurt so much."

Pete felt the horny knob probe his asshole as the steely cock found its mark. His hands were pinned to the table, the Spider's heavy guts holding him down. He struggled to breathe, the acrid stink of raw piss scorching his lungs. He felt tree-trunk thighs slam on his ass cheeks as the rigid spike thrust in, and suddenly—

"AHHHH—!" Pete shrieked, and the huge cock sliced up his ass and deep into his guts with one agonizing thrust that split his cheeks wide open. He fell forward, legs gaping wide, trying to lessen the ripping agony of that huge man-spike buggering his ass.

"So you're a virgin, eh?" the trucker snarled. His calloused horny hand closed round Pete's incredibly rigid cock. "Well, seems like one part of you's enjoyin' it!" The hand dragged the thick foreskin down Pete's stiff shaft, sliming it with the love-juice streaming from Pete's piss-slit.

"Oh, please," Pete whispered. "Please don't do that." He closed his eyes, conscious only of the huge cock slamming his ass as he lay face down, legs ripped wide open, the hand jerking his stiff prick faster and faster. He was helpless beneath the heaving guts of the trucker; just a hot meat-hole for that hard cock to fuck into, again and again. "Please," he groaned. "Can't take anymore. Please let me go."

Spider's answer was a bellow of pure fuck-lust. "Shit, I'm gonna blow my balls right up your hot virgin guts, little boy!" Pete felt the huge balls slam against his ass cheeks as the spike was buried in his ass. Then the cock erupted into him, sperming and spurting hot wads of fuckcream deep in his guts. He felt the trucker spasming, ploughing his ass even deeper. Then the horny hand grabbed his dick again and the touch shot Pete's balls into gushing ejaculation even as he lay pinned beneath the roaring trucker's heaving belly.

They lay there, gasping for breath. Then the cock was ripped brutally out. "Hope you learned your lesson, piss-freak," Spider snapped. "Guess you'll never peep at guys takin' a leak again!" He pulled on his shorts, slammed the door, and Pete heard the truck drive away. Painfully, he dragged himself to his feet. Shit, his ass was ripped wide open. He staggered to the chair and sat down, and from under the counter he pulled out a little black book. Each page was marked with a row of pencil strokes like black spider legs. Faintly in the distance he heard the rumble of an approaching truck.

He turned the page to Tuesday the nineteenth—today! There were already four strokes on the page. He added another, then glanced at his watch. "Jesus," Pete grinned. "An' it's still only ten a.m."

The truck stopped at the window. The driver was blond and blue-eyed, with stiff tits on his chest like a horny bull.

Pete lay back and shut his eyes and zipped open, and his thick cock came out stiff as a randy dog. The blond trucker looked down and his blue eyes flicked wide.

From under the slitted lids, Pete watched the gorgeous hunk lick his lips and softly open the truck door and creep forward, a fat hard-on already pronging the skin-tight jeans. Jesus, its sweet spurting nectar would soon be honey on Pete's tongue.

Secretly Pete grinned, pulling his foreskin back, flipping his stiff cock as the guy crept forward.

Welcome, little fly, you beautiful blond bastard. Your cock looks even bigger than mine.

Another juicy meal for the spider! ■

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Part Time Whore

Continued from page 40

and started moving again inside me. He—or his cock—just didn't want to get unstuck yet. But you could see that it was as much pain as pleasure to him. His cock as it drew out of the asshole was shiny-red and red-hot and the veins stood out like blue tubing. He dipped it in real slow and careful because it was so tender but still hard and wanting more hole. He'd got beyond anywhere I'd seen a man get fucking. His face looked like it had collapsed and melted like wax. He was studying my face with this quizzical expression that didn't see me. Sometimes he looked pleading and said "please" and "baby" and "don't," and then a second later he'd mutter between his teeth, "Goddam that tight ass. Goin' to split your fuckin' beavertrap wide open." Then without any warning his whole body—his arms and legs and back—started shaking. Only his cock stayed rigid inside the hole. He stopped moving and just stared straight ahead. Then I could feel the stuff pumping out of him between my legs, but he just kept looking straight ahead with this amazed look like he had nothing to do with it.

We got into the sauna a little while after and talked. He was already formulating plans. He told me he worked in Washington, D.C., for a consulting firm connected with the government.

"Look, why don't you move out there? I could find you a good job."

I couldn't think of anything to say. I didn't want to insult him, but nine to five for the government is not my vision of life.

"I mean, what are you doing here? This city is fine and all, but it's a playground. You don't intend to spend the rest of your life working in places like this, do you?"

"No," I said. Somehow I didn't want to try to explain about my music, or what San Francisco meant to me.

"Well, this is a good opportunity for you to really do something with your life. I have a sailboat. We can go out together on the Chesapeake."

"Aren't you married?"

"Separated. We won't get back together again. I'm sure of that. I just bought a house of my own in Alexandria. You could find an apartment nearby easily. I mean, I wouldn't be able to explain you living with me. You understand why, don't you?"

"Sure do," I replied. I could just see myself waiting in an apartment for this guy to get through late hours at the office. I could almost have done it too. I'd fallen for this guy like a cannonball off the World Trade Center.

"Well?"

"Let's talk next week."

"I want to hear you say yes before I go. This is a very good thing we've got here."

"There are other guys in Washington, you realize."

"Don't say that." He was mad. "Don't ever let me hear you say that again."

God, we sound like we're already married, I thought.

I grabbed his head. I figured it was OK to lie because if I said no he'd just get the idea more fixed in his head. If I said yes, tomorrow morning he'd wake up with every good reason marshalled against such an unexpected change and nostalgically drop my number in his wastebasket.

"OK."

He smiled, shrewd and boyish. He'd got what he wanted for the moment.

"I know this is going to work out just great."

I still like to think that right then he really believed it. ■

BONDAGE NIGHT

Continued from page 28

Jeff thought of the times he'd wanted to cut loose, wanted to roll around on the floor with no thought to precautions or consequences. Neal's large cock, Neal's shapely buns, Neal's pink erect nipples . . . he could have them all, find out what he was missing. But Neal was a walking AIDS epidemic! At the very least, he probably had herpes or syph. Jeff couldn't risk it. He mustn't. He'd always taken the warnings about safe sex to heart. And yes, he'd preached them self-righteously to everyone in the *new* Rope 'n' Ride.

So why wasn't he making a break for the door? He told himself he had no choice in the matter. Neal's drug-boosted strength was too much for him, and the angry mob in the bar was on Neal's side. You're doomed, his mind said, but at least you can go down fighting.

Then why was he sinking to his knees without a struggle?

Because his body was overpowering his mind. Or was this just another empty rationalization? Was his body overpowering his mind, or was it simply that his real, long-denied desires were asserting themselves over fake convictions?

He reached for Neal's cock. It burned like a red-hot poker in his hand. As he brought it closer to his mouth, smells of piss and cum assailed him. Sweat gleamed on Neal's belly, matting the trail of brown hairs that led to Neal's gorgeous cock. An answering burst of sweat flooded Jeff's armpits. His whole body shook as he swallowed Neal's fuckpole.

He was shaking with fear and dread and revulsion and, undeniably, with intense lust—lust for the forbidden. The sucking and chewing which had once been a routine part of giving a blow-job were anything but routine now. His lips trembled and his teeth chattered with excitement. His throat tightened possessively around Neal's throbbing meat.

Neal twined his hands in Jeff's hair and shoved Jeff's face closer to his leather-clad thighs. His legs spread farther apart, only to clamp suddenly around Jeff's head. Jeff started to gag. Neal's cock clogged his throat; Neal's granite stomach smashed his nose; Jeff's head was trapped by two leathery pillars! Neal was forcing Jeff to do this. Jeff had no choice. . . no choice. . no choice. . .

As Neal clenched and unclenched his thighs, Jeff felt like a mouse being shaken in the jaws of a tomcat. Fear and anger warred with arousal. The knowledge that someone might enter the restroom at any moment and see him like this—Jeff, who had never been popular but was always sensible and careful—filled him with horror even as it turned him on.

"God, I love fucking your face," breathed Neal, rocking back and forth with him, one hand on the rim of a urinal for support. "I don't know why I wanted you so bad. I've had 'em younger, cuter, with better bodies. But you were the only one I couldn't have, and getting you became an obsession. I've got to have you totally, Jeff. Do you take it up the ass?"

Neal released him so he could answer. Jeff sprawled on the floor, breathing hard. One hand landed in a puddle of somebody else's cum. Ugh! Again he was aware of his disgusting surroundings. Maybe he could end this scene by saying he'd never been fucked in the ass. But it wasn't true, and besides, he could tell by the hard gleam in Neal's eye that it wouldn't make any difference. Okay, so maybe it wasn't a hard gleam. Maybe Neal *was* committed to the pretense of offering Jeff a choice. But it was just a pretense—wasn't it? Nothing Jeff could say would stop Neal from fucking him—would it?

"Sure. I like it," Jeff replied. "But maybe we should do this the right way. At my apartment. I've got condoms and—"

Neal's booted foot kicked out, catching him in the middle of his T-shirted chest. Jeff's shoulders were driven back, and his skull cracked against a stall door. As Jeff gasped in pain and surprise, Neal vented his rage.

"None of that clean pansy stuff for me! Meat's gotta be raw or it's not worth having." His green hair bristled as his eyes blazed hotly. "Risk is half the thrill, man. It always *has* been. Now it's just a bigger risk—and a bigger thrill. Strip! Strip or I'll claw those jeans off you!"

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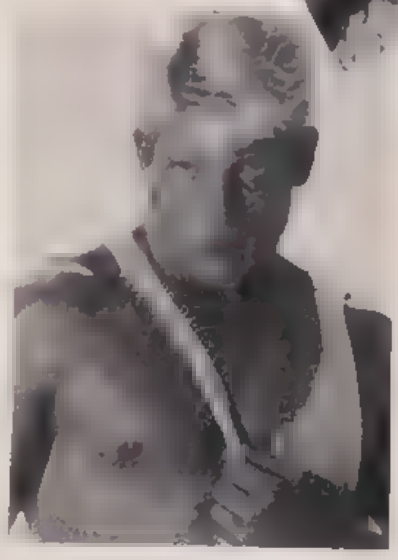

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Neal would do it. Neal would rip apart and ruin Jeff's 30-dollar jeans. Again Jeff assured himself he had no choice. He slipped out his clothes and tossed them into a corner.

Neal sneered at what he saw, and then he laughed out loud—a long luxurious, derisive laugh. "You hypocrite. Look at this." He rubbed Jeff's rigid, twitching dick and bulging balls. He massaged more vigorously, and a drop of pre-cum squeezed out of Jeff's cockslit. "You're ready to shoot! You're closer to coming than I am! You want this, baby. You want it as bad as I do. Maybe worse."

Jeff was now lost in a bizarre and compelling dream, a fantasy whose allure was so mesmerizing he was powerless to resist. Some small part of him heard Neal accusing him of complicity in his own downfall, but Neal didn't know what he was talking about. Neal was an airhead, a beautiful, deadly, seductive airhead. What did he know of his own powers and of Jeff's desperate attempts to escape them? At any rate, Jeff could escape no longer.

Jeff turned, offering his ass to Neal. He couldn't deny it. His balls were aching to give. *He* was afraid, but his *balls* were fearless.

"Not that way!" Neal barked. "On the floor! Down on your belly in the piss and grime!"

Jeff hesitated. Neal shoved him hard. He fell to the floor, his head narrowly missing the urinals. Neal's body loomed over him. He felt the sticky slap of hot black leather on his bare thighs as Neal mounted him. Neal wedged something between the cheeks of his trembling ass. Jeff squirmed as Neal forced past the ring of tight muscle and pressed urgently against his prostate.

"Tight," Neal grunted, withdrawing his finger. "But I can loosen you up."

Neal spat noisily into his hand and rubbed the spit into Jeff's asscrack. Jeff remembered all the jars and bottles of lube he had at home. Yet not one of those safe, sanitary encounters had turned him on like this squalid tumble. No gentle, sensible, responsible lover had ever stirred him half as deeply as Neal with his ruthless brutality.

Neal stuffed his slick cock past Jeff's shuddering sphincter until the thick meat filled and stretched the empty space inside Jeff. Neal thrust with merciless rapidity. He panted with exertion as he rode Jeff's ass. The force behind his thrusts was so strong it shoved Jeff forward several inches across the tile floor. After almost 15 minutes, Neal's hips gave a tremendous shudder and he filled Jeff's ass with a flood of hot, foamy cream. Simultaneously, cum shot out of Jeff's cock to mingle and merge with the layers of stale piss and cum and grime on the toilet floor.

Abruptly, Jeff awoke from his dream. The filthy surroundings were no longer charged with sexual heat. Once again, they were simply filthy, diseased, deadly. The ecstacy had crescendoed and subsided. Jeff was left with nothing but dread, self-loathing, and panic.

The minute Neal released him, Jeff darted into a stall. He tore off a wad of toilet paper and tried to wipe up the cum that trickled from his asshole. Most of it was beyond his reach, deep in his guts.

"What are you doing?" Neal sounded genuinely surprised.

"Look at that!" Jeff pointed to a sign on the wall: "Rules for Safe Sex." "You've broken every one of them! You've been with every sleaze in town! I can't take chances."

Neal sat on a sink and folded his arms. "That's right, you never take chances. Until now."

"I didn't *take* the chance just now—you *forced* it on me."

"I took what I wanted from you, Jeff, yes, but I didn't force you to enjoy it—and you did. I didn't force your cock to get hard—but it did. I didn't force you to shoot—but, goddammit, you did!"

"What could I do, damn you!"

"Nothing, I guess, except admit it was just what you've been dying for ever since you met me. If you won't admit it to me, at least admit it to yourself. For a year now you've been giving everybody around here a hard time because you were jealous. You complained about the changes at the Rope 'n' Ride, but you stuck around. And don't give me that shit about needing the job. You're a good bartender. There are plenty of places—gay and straight—where you could get work. But you stayed here so you could have a front row seat at the circus. Now you've been pulled into the center ring—which is exactly where you wanted to be! Stop wiping at your ass, Jeff. Don't you know it's hopeless?"

Jeff hung in the stall doorway, exposed and defeated. All the care he had taken with his life, down the drain. One time, that's all it takes. One time doing the wrong things with the wrong guy. And Neal was definitely the wrong guy. And they had broken every rule together.

One time.

Jeff could feel Neal's sperm inside him—deep, where he could never get at it. At this very moment the invader might be doing its work, reproducing itself, devouring him cell by cell. How long would it take? How long would it be before he knew one way or the other? How long would he have to live with this dread? Or how long before the cause of his dread showed itself—and killed him?

Jeff began to tremble. His shoulders heaved and twitched. Tears collected in the corners of his eyes and tumbled down his cheeks. He didn't see Neal moving toward him. He only knew when he was surrounded by Neal, the man's arms wrapped tightly about him, chest pressed against chest. He felt Neal's lips on his forehead. And then he heard Neal speaking. He could feel the words as well as hear them; he could feel them vibrating from Neal's chest into his own.

"The game you're playing is the riskiest of all, Jeff. Flirting with danger, courting it, teasing the bull. He'll ram you again if you keep this up. Maybe with more violence and less understanding next time. Maybe one of those guys out there in the bar some night will follow you out of here, ice you in a dark alley. Then at least you won't have to worry about disease.

"Look, not everybody's into the same things you and me are into. But there's not a doubt in my mind now, Jeff, that you're turned on by the rough stuff same as I am. We're both drawn to it. The difference is, me and the rest of the guys here have decided to go for it, play the game and take our chances—and take full responsibility for our lives, or our deaths. You, you're looking for an executioner. Look long enough and you'll find him.

"I'm ready to blow this joint. I'm heading for the Piss Festival at The Wild Knight. You coming?"

Jeff fastened his belt. "We can't leave, Neal. It's Bondage Night. It's a mob scene. We can't just walk off our jobs."

"Jeff, we can do anything we want. God, can't you understand that?"

Neal was no longer holding Jeff. He had pulled away. He had nothing more to offer. He stalked to the door. Before he slammed it behind him he flung out, "For you, Jeff, every night is Bondage Night!"

Jeff stared at the door for a moment. Then he collected himself as best he could and left the room. The untended bar was a shambles, with customers uncapping bottles of liquor and downing the contents, but for once Jeff didn't care. He was leaving the place, for good.

He ran out the front door and into darkness. He squeezed between two parked cars and dashed into the street. On the other side of the street he stopped, panting. He was running, and he knew what he was running from. But he didn't know what he was running to. Home or after Neal? To another bar to look for another job, or back into the Rope 'n' Ride? Toward life or toward death? And in which direction must he proceed to find one or the other. To find himself.

He didn't know. He just didn't know. ■

Luncheon
Meat

Luncheon Meat

Lunch time with this dude doesn't mean a sandwich and a shake; he'll give you something more tasty to chow down on.

Luncheon Meat

He doesn't believe in take-out. This guy's definitely a "put in" man.

Luncheon Meat

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(please print clearly)

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HOW TO PLACE AN AD:

The cost for a HONCHO ad is 50¢ per word.
***Commercial Ads** (any person or business charging for services, e.g., models, masseurs, mail shops, phone sex, membership organizations with fee) add $25.00 to the total cost of your ad.*

Please allow 90 days from the first of each month for publication of your ad. Note the following schedule:

AD DEADLINE	ON SALE
11/1/85	2/1/86
12/1/85	3/1/86
1/1/86	4/1/86
2/1/86	5/1/86
3/1/86	6/1/86
4/1/86	7/1/86

All ads are listed by state, except for commercial ads, which will appear under that heading. Since HONCHO will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the complete address, including zip code, where you may receive correspondence resulting from your ad. Ads will not be printed without an address or post office box number. A telephone number may be included, but HONCHO will take no responsibility for verifying such numbers.

Enclose full payment for your ad when you submit it. Make check or money order payable to HONCHO.

HONCHO does not knowingly accept fraudulent advertising. Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state, and federal laws. No advertisements will be accepted from persons under 18.

☐ *My ad is ___ words @ 50¢ per word*

☐ *Commercial—add $25.00 per issue to total cost*

DISCOUNTS ☐ *24 issues 30%*
☐ *12 issues 20%*
☐ *6 issues 10%*

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Multiply cost × number of issues ad runs = $_____

Start my ad with the on sale date of _____ (see schedule above).

Enclosed $_____ for HONCHO CLASSIFIED (make check out to same and mail to: 155 6th Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10013.

Any questions write or call the Advertising Dept. (212) 691-7700

PRINT CLEARLY all information and sign below.

With my signature I declare that I am over 18 years of age and that the information in my ad is true and correct. I am aware that no proofs of my ad will be submitted to me for my approval and I waive all claims regarding accuracy of reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that HONCHO is in no way responsible for any contacts or transactions that occur as a result of placing this ad.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

BIG HOT JOCKS WANTED
by tall horny guy, 27, 6' 4", 190 lbs. (212) 874-0296.

TWO YNG GUYS
Seek yng well defined Body Builders. Tony (718) 762-2544; Box 1026, Woodside, NY 11377-1026.

LOVER OR ROOMMATE
BM, 40, 5'6", 140. Retired from military. I am warm, sincere, clean, healthy and straight appearing. Live in upper middle class area, with conv. 2 bedroom apt. Like to meet a guy 18-25. Will be good to the right person and take care of you. No fems, drugs, weirdos or prisoners. P.O. Box 604, Scarsdale, NY 10583

OHIO

GWM,19, 5'9", 155
Br/Blu, college jock inexperienced, but eager to learn everything. Anxious to meat you soon! Worldwide Correspondence, too. All letters answered Write: Terry Love, 11650 W. US Rt. 224, Alvada, OH 44802

OREGON

35 YR OLD DAD,
Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E., Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

SINCERE, LONELY, ATTRACTIVE
GWM (38, 150 lbs, beard, moustache) looking for others for friendship, possible relationship. P.O. Box 1683, Pittsburgh, PA 15230.

YNG, BLOND SLAVE
Seeks Yng Lavl/top (18-30), gdlkng, smooth bod & well hung. Me: 6'4", 128 lbs., thick 8½" cut, hot, tight ass. Seek blonds, long hairs, cowboys, military types and jocks. Dig B/D, WS, CBT/T, fucking, sucking, fisting, rimming, feet, dildoes, verbal abuse, humiliation, toys, showing, oiltrips, smoke, amyl/ethyl, "fun drugs," 3-ways. Send photo/phone to Bryan, 181 S. 17th St., Pgh, PA 15203, or call (412) 683-7384 wknds. Sincere only.

FRIENDS & LOVERS
Dom GBM 59 155 lbs Seeking long term relationship with submissive male 18-27 yrs. South Central PA area. No fats fems or tvs. Occupant, PO Box 186, Lebanon, PA 17402.

BGM 25, 5' 10", 137 LBS.
Seeks WGM 20-30 in Loyalsack for long term serious relationship. Business mind, honest, mature, tall, slim, masculine build, straight appearance, hung one lover man. Only serious need reply. Photo, phone. 717-323-1599.

NORTHWESTERN PA,
Or Western NY. Bi, 128, 5'6" White, Good build, Athletic, 42. Write and include photo. Jack Anderson, Box 982, Ellicottville, NY 14731

HARRISBURG AREA
GWM, 22, blond, blue, 5'3", 170 lbs. Handsome, good personality, sincere, straight looking/acting. Seeking same to 30 for friendship and possible relationships. Please include photo. Write to Ernie, PO Box 6, Millersburg, PA 17061

SOUTH CAROLINA

BWM PROFESSIONAL
Seeks same for sincere friendship. Likes sports, workouts, outdoors. Occupant, PO Box 168, Aiken, SC 29802

TEXAS

NEED FT HOOD AREA DADDY
G/Mex/26 yrs/Bl hair/Br eyes/6 inch uncut cock/130 lbs. Need Ft Hood area Daddy to service and worship his manly body. For hot manly cuddle and horny sex. Like all types of music, jogging, dancing, movies, quiet times. I don't smoke or do any heavy drinking. No SM/BD, Fats, Fems, Scat, Pain, Blacks, Mex, Orient, Just horny hot manly men who wants daddy's little man to service him. Write Bobby Garcia, 204 Allen St, Coppers Cove, TX 76522 (817) 547-8064.

VIRGINIA

MASCULINE, MUSCULAR,
Daddy. Hairy, trim beard, hung, un-cut, 38, 5'9", 150 lbs. Sexually versatile, basically top. Reply w/photo. K. Noble, Box 13, Arlington, VA 22210. No fats, fem, or GBM.

WISCONSIN

GWM 26, 6' 195 lbs.
Well hung but inexperienced seeks blond WM for mutual enjoyment, into sucking and being sucked. Your photo gets mine. Scotty, Box 11344, Shorewood, WI 53211

HAIRY, HORNY, GWM 32
Seeks bareassed buddies 18-42 for naked fun, outdoor sex. Your hard-on photo gets mine. PO Box 1085, Madison, WI 53701

PEN PALS WANTED
especially other guys who had hot times with adult males before they were 18 or 17. PO Box 14362, Milwaukee, WI 53214

INTERNATIONAL

NEW IN VANCOUVER
Would love to suck you. Also enjoys mutual J/O and water sports. GWM mid 30's. Bi's welcome also. Call 681-6000.

28, 6', 165 LBS.
Slim, well-hung, loves groupies, leather, bondage, S&M, golden showers, fisting & fucking partners 21-49. Please write Jason, 280 Wellesley St. E., Apt. 2812, Toronto, Ontario M4X 1G7

SEASON'S GREETINGS
I want to wish the Greek Action Studs and lonely people a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year. And I want to thank all the guys that replied to my ad last Xmas. It was quite a surprise for me. I didn't expect to hear from anyone. Bernard MacPherson, 432 Jarvis St, Apt. 603, Toronto, ONT M4Y 2H3

WANTED
Old issues of BIG (I will buy cash a whole collection), HIM, old Colt mags. Address yr. terms to Claude, BIG, B.P.77, 56700 Hennebont, France.

HAIRY FLIGHT ATTENDANT
See "GEORGIA"

37, CHINESE,
5'9" tall, black hair, brown eyes, with 7" cut horny tool, want to write and meet sincere guys with hairy body or with moustache for serious relationship 30-60. I love swimming, boating, fishing, horse-riding, sun-bathing, cooking, travel, gardening and photography. I'm slim and hairless, and active. Jose Po Tan, PO Box 764, Cebu City 6401, Philippines.

GWM 30'S
Seeks friends, playmates for good times. Please enclose a photo for faster reply. #1208-610-4 Ave SW, Calgary, Alberta T2P 0K1, Canada

INTERNATIONAL/GERMANY
Handsome German, tall, 1.86m, cut 7', looking for straight men age about 35-40, for contact and correspondence. H Weyand, Gartenstr. 6, 5480 Remagen, W. Germany.

WOULD LIKE DUTCH,
England, Sweden gay 19-32. My age 35. Very straight acting and good job. Would help with schooling. Will answer letters with nude photo and address. S.S., PO Box 61, Crookaville, OH 43731. 614/697-7329 10 pm to 8 am

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Smelly, sweaty, piss stained, cum streaked used jock w J/O letter & picture of wearer just $15. Hot cassettes, "Piss," "Dirty Jokes," "Master's Orders," "The Cop Calls." $10 each. Videos too! SIR, PO Box 14425, SF, CA 94114.

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6th year of the club for healthy men into giving/receiving rear French Info, $2 Box 623-RFH, New York, NY 10013.

HANDYMAN: THE J/O CLUB
For men seeking a safe sex alternative. You can hold your own or lend a hand (or both!). Info $2. AAM, PO Box 623-H, New York, NY 10013.

PISS SOMEONE OFF! (OR GET A FLOW JOB!)
Rainmakers: the complete water sports club for men into golden showers and/or enemas. Info $2: Box 623-RMH, New York, NY 10013.

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American-Greek Alliances: 4th year of the club which gets Greek actives into Greek passives!! Info. $2, Box 623-AGH, New York, NY 10013

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Undercoverman: the jockey shorts, jockstrap, all-underwear fetish club for men. Info $2: Box 623-UCH, New York, NY 10013.

BLOW SOMEONE'S SOCKS OFF!
Footman: 6th sensational year of the world's longest running boot, shoe, socks, sneakers and bare feet club! Info $2: Box 623, FMH, New York, NY 10013.

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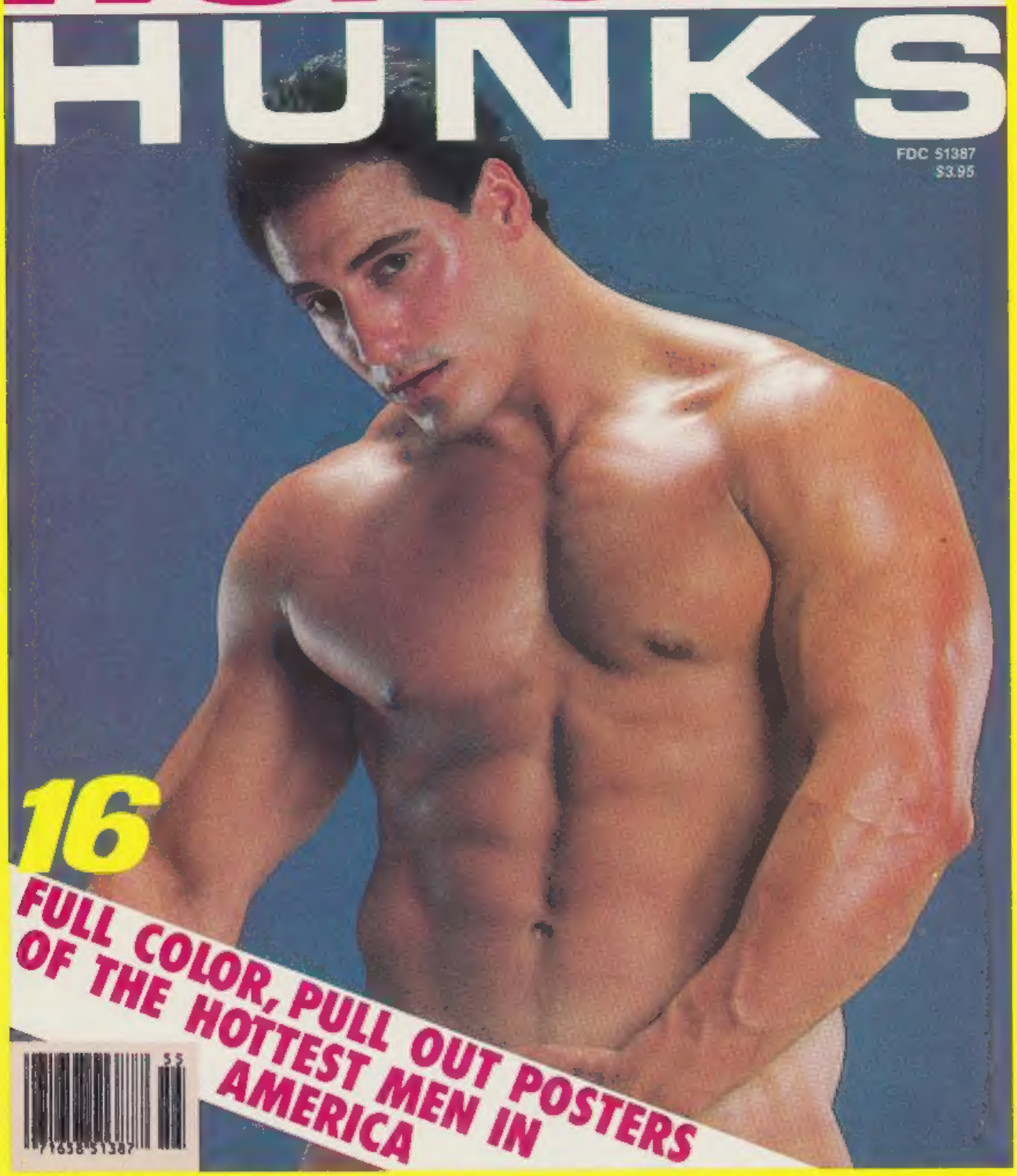

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